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GRIEVING IS VAIN.

BY M. C.

Since grieving is vain,
And sighing is pain,
And life is whatever we make it,
When Fortune fills up
The full mean of each cup
Let us pledge her with smiles as we take it.

For little she gives
To the spirit that grieves
And chides her, while quaffing her measure,
But let the last sup
Be consumed from the cup,
And she'll fill, and refill, unto Pleasure!

Was Friendship a name?
Was Love's rosy flame
Soon quench'd by the breath of disaster!
The knight-errant knaves
Now bask, like true slaves,
In the smiles of some opulent master!

Then why should we break
Our brave hearts for their sake?
They are dead; pile forgetfulness o'er them!
Thus perish the twain!
We'd not have them again,
Could weakness or folly restore them.

Then, Sorrow, go, pack,
And never come back,
And Grief, and your brood, trundle after;
Come, pull down your plumes;
We've rented your rooms
To Music, and Sunshine, and Laughter!

Humor and Song
Will fill the day long,
And steal half the burden from labor;
Evening will come,
From her star-lighted home,
To greet us with dance and with tabor!

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

SHE came to the church, the tiny church half choked with ivy, and, leaning on the gate, gazed at it. Like the cottages, the whole place, it had a neglected air. The living was small, the vicar an old man, and poor.

The man who ought to have kept it fit for God's house had forgotten it. And she could help him to remember it, and induce him to care for it!

She turned back, with bent head, and just outside the village met Mr. Bright.

"I've seen Mr. Deane," he said, with a rather bewildered and puzzled air—most persons came from an interview with Mr. Deane puzzled and bewildered—"An extraordinary man, your father, my dear young lady! Extraordinary! Er—er—he says; yes, I'm sure he said that you should do as you pleased. And you will help us, will you not?"

"I will speak to my brother; he must help me," said Decima, and she hurried on. There seemed no escaping this strange responsibility. She realized this more fully the next morning, when Mr. Bright came up for her. The man from the famous decorators in London had come down. She went with Bobby—who had a morning off—to the Hall.

"I—I hope I am doing right, Bobby," she said, as they entered and made their way through a small crowd of workmen and the mess and lumber which they can so quickly produce.

"Oh, that's all right," said Bobby, carelessly. "You and Bright, and this awful swell"—as he caught sight of the gentleman from London—"can work your wild will, and squander Lord Gaunt's cash, while I smoke a cigarette in the gallery. He must be an awful flat to entrust a woman with the spending of his money, and it will serve him right if you ruin him."

"Bobby, don't tease me, or I—I shall cry!" she said, smiling rather fitfully.

"Oh, go on! You know you're enjoying yourself!" he retorted.

The gentleman with the patterns got to business at once, and presently Decima found herself surrounded by squares of silks and satins and tapestry, and little models of decorations. He was kind enough to advise, when she was in doubt, and gracious enough to commend her taste.

"Admirable, madame!" he said. "You could not have done better. This room will be as perfect as it could be. And now for the library." He looked round the room with a compassionate air. "Not much comfort here," he said; "if I may say so."

"Lord Gaunt cares nothing for his own comfort," said Bright. "He is used to sleeping under a tent in the desert; or without a tent for that matter—better leave the room alone, perhaps."

Decima looked round rather pensively.

"Couldn't there be an easy chair?" she said, timidly.

"Certainly," said the gentleman, making a rapid note. "I know the kind of thing you'd like. A club chair; a really easy chair; most of them are uneasy. And some new curtains. This is the kind of thing."

"Yes?"

So it went on for hours, amidst the clatter of the workmen's hammers, and the click of chisels, the tearing of paper, and the slapping of the whitewash brushes.

"But—but will not all this cost a great deal of money?" said Decima.

The gentleman smiled.

"W—ell, rather a large sum, perhaps," he admitted, "but a mere nothing to his lordship, eh, Mr. Bright?"

Mr. Bright nodded cheerfully.

"Money's no object," he said. "Don't be in the least alarmed, Miss Deane."

Decima got away at last, and went home. She had a little headache, and felt bewildered and uncertain.

"If Lord Gaunt should be displeased!" she said to Bobby. "I should die with—with shame."

"Not you," he remarked. "Nobody dies of that complaint, especially young women. Now, if it had been I who had had the ineffable cheek to pull a man's house to pieces and spend a fortune in sticking it together again——"

"Oh, Bobby, don't!" and her voice quavered.

"You goose! I'm only chaffing. Lord Gaunt will be no end grateful, and he ought to be, for, from what I saw, I should say you have a good deal of taste—as the man remarked of the bad oyster. Don't you worry, or you'll spoil those eyes of yours; and they're not bad-looking—when you're asleep."

* * * * * * *

The excitement in the village increased as the days went on and the work at the Hall progressed.

Great packing-cases were continually arriving from London; sometimes accompanied by gentlemanly-looking men who exchanged their smart clothes for white blouses, when they reached the Hall, which they proceeded to renovate and beautify with a skill and rapidity which, to quote Bobby, "knocked the sawdust out of the Stretton workmen."

One morning, Decima, on her way through the village, met a string of horses and carriages in charge of a couple of smart grooms and a stately coachman; and she stood for a moment near the admiring group of villagers who had collected to stare at them.

"Like the old times, miss," said Mr. Cobbet, the builder, with a satisfied jerk of the head towards the long procession; and the ostler at the Gaunt Arms expressed his approval in characteristic fashion.

"Never see a better lot, miss," he remarked knowingly. "His lordship's a judge of horses, whatever else he be! You'll have to hurry up with them stables, Mr. Cobbet!"

The interest and excitement were not confined to the village. The Roborough Gazette—Roborough was the nearest market town—came out with a long paragraph announcing Lord Gaunt's return, and a special leader in which it rejoiced in a column and a half over the fact that "the representative of the oldest and most honored family in the country had decided to take his place amongst us once again, and so set flowing that tide of prosperity which ever follows in the wake of our great nobility. Lord Gaunt's presence," it remarked, "will be welcomed, not only by the pretty village in which his ancestral home is set, but by the county at large. May that welcome convey to him how fervently it is hoped that he may remain in our midst."

And, notwithstanding the weakness of the grammar, the editor expressed very fairly the general sentiment. It is a misfortune for such a place as Leafmore to be closed, and the county rejoiced in the news of Lord Gaunt's return.

Already it was announced that he would be asked to re-establish the pack of hounds which had been put down at his father's death; and the mothers of eligible daughters looked at their girls thoughtfully, and speculatively, as they reflected that Lord Gaunt would be the best parti the county had held for some years past, and Leafmore was a very desirable residence, and would need a mistress.

Mr. Bright got Decima down to the Hall nearly every day, and asked her advice upon nearly every change that was being so swiftly wrought there; and Decima was so engrossed that she had quite forgotten the dinner-party at the Firs until, on the Tuesday morning, Bobby remarked:

"I wonder whether the governor means going with us to-night? If so, I shall have to order a fly; otherwise we could walk."

"Oh, I had forgotten it!" said Decima; "I'll ask him," and she ran into the laboratory. Mr. Deane gazed at her with an absent air.

"Dinner—Firs—Mr. Mershon? Ah, yes—yes. Yes, I remember. Of course, of course! I am to show him those drawings of the electric storage. Where are they? Where—— I put them somewhere for safety. Where——?"

Bobby "dug him out" at seven and by a quarter to eight brought him into the hall, dressed in his grotesque evening suit. His necktie, notwithstanding Bobby's care, had already worked under the left ear, and he had ruined his shirt front irretrievable by clutching the roll of drawings against it. Bobby glanced up at Decima despairingly as she came down the stairs.

"Look sharp," he said, in a tone scarcely lowered, for Mr. Deane never heard any remark unless it was addressed directly to him, and not always then, "or he'll reduce himself to the likeness of a rag-bag before we get him there. I say what a swell you are!" he added, taking her by the shoulders and regarding her with reluctant fraternal admiration. And, indeed, she looked like a dainty flower in the dimly lit hall.

She wore one of the dinner dresses Lady Pauline had had made for the visit to London, a soft gray, as usual, but fitting the slim, graceful figure exquisitely.

It was open a very little at the neck, and it had an air of soft splendor which struck even Bobby.

"Kindly mention to the admiring crowds as we go along that you are my sister, will you?" he remarked. "I feel rather proud of you."

She put her arm round his neck, but he dodged her with—

"Ah, would you! Never, never attempt to cuddle a man when he has got a three-inch collar and a white tie on! You'd ruin them. Come on. Hi, father, where are you going?" For Mr. Deane was shuffling towards his beloved den. "This way going to dine with Mr. Mershon, you know. Get in and hold him tight, Decie."

When they reached the Firs, a footman in brilliant—too brilliant—livery opened the door of the fly; another stood in the hall—a handsome hall enough, with palms and statuary, but how different to the hall at Leafmore! and, flinging open the drawing-room door, announced them with a pompous air.

Decima was almost dazzled by the over-lit, over-gilt room. Its newness was everywhere; in the decorations, the furniture, the pictures. It seared one's eyeballs, as poor William Morris used to say.

Decima was aware presently that a lady was standing in front of her. She was past middle age, with hair streaked with grey, with a thin figure, and a pale face in which timidity, almost fear, was plainly expressed as she glanced from Mr. Mershon to Decima and back again.

Mr. Mershon, in too well-fitting an evening dress, with the too large diamond stud, came up.

"My half-sister, Mrs. Sherborne," he said. "She has come to run the house for me." As he spoke he shot a sharp, half-savage glance at her; and with a nervous quiver in her voice, Mrs. Sherborne said—

"I—I am very glad to see you. Will you come upstairs and take your cloak off? I—I will go with you."

Decima followed her up the stairs, dadoed with gold and lined with new and garish pictures, and Mrs. Sherborne helped her off with her cloak, though a maid stood ready to do so.

"You—you did not expect to see a lady here?" said Mrs. Sherborne. "I—I only came a few days ago." She scanned the lovely girlish face covertly, then turned her eyes away, and so reminded Decima of Mr. Mershon.

"You know my brother very well—Miss Deane?" she added, in a quieter voice, but a restrained one, as if she were trying to master her nervousness. The effort made her tone curiously impassive and expressionless. It was like the voice from behind a mask.

"Oh, no," said Decima. "I have only met Mr. Mershon once or twice."

Mrs. Sherborne smothered a sigh.

"You are very young," she said, as if to herself. Decima looked at her with some surprise; and Mrs. Sherborne colored, and bit her lip. "Are you ready? We will go down," she said, confusedly.

Mr. Mershon gave his arm to Decima, and they went into the dining-room. Decima's first impression of the room was that is was like a jeweller's shop.

There was the usual oak—modern oak—furniture, from which the huge buffet stood out conspicuously, as it was simply loaded with silver.

There were beautiful flowers on the table, but the profusion of plate overweighted and seemed to crush them; it and the three footmen, and as they moved to and fro in their gaudy liveries oppressed Decima.

There seemed no single spot in the room on which the eye could rest; it was all color, and glitter of silver and gold.

The dinner was a superb one—not one of Mr. Mershon's guests really knew how perfect it was—but to Decima it seemed endless and wearisome.

And yet Mr. Mershon did his best to

entertain her. She was, of course, seated next to him, and he talked to her through all the courses.

His topic was the one which has the most interest for most men—himself. He told her how he started the Great Wheal Mining company, and made a quarter of a million out of it—before it went smash. How he had bought up town lots in Arizona at five dollars a lot, and raised it two hundred and fifty. How he had gained the concession from Turkey for the supply of cocoanut fibre, and netted five hundred thousand for his company in six months; and of similar achievements.

And he did not talk badly; for, while a man talks of what he understands, and the thing that is nearest to his heart, he will generally talk well.

Every now and then he glanced at Mrs. Sherborne, and, as if in obedience to his glance, she addressed some remark to Decima in her strange expressionless voice.

When he was not talking to Decima, and her face was turned away from him, Mr. Mershon's restless, shiftless eyes were fixed on her with a curiously intent gaze, of which Decima was quite unconscious.

He pressed the champagne—it was Wachter, 1880, a fine vintage—on Bobby, and permitted the butler to fill his own glass pretty frequently.

Bobby addressed himself to the dinner, and Mr. Deane ate and drank what was put before him with his usual mechanical acquiescence. And the silent, constrained Mrs. Sherborne sat with down cast eyes—excepting when she raised them quickly, with a half frightened expression, at some remark of her half-brother's.

At last, to Decima's relief, Mrs. Sherborne looked at her and rose, and they went into the drawing room.

Mr. Mershon got a box of cigars and cigarettes from the sideboard, and handed them to Bobby.

"You find those Rothchilds pretty fair, Deane," he said.

Bobby chose a cigar and lit up, and Mr. Mershon drew his chair nearer to Mr. Deane.

"Did you bring those drawings?" he asked. Mr. Deane, who had been in a brown study during the dinner, woke up instantly.

"Yes, yes!" he said eagerly; "I brought them. I don't know what I did with them—Robert, there is a roll of paper in the hall!"

Bobby fetched them, and strolled into the electrically lit conservatory adjoining the dining-room; he was not eager to hear his father's rhapsodies.

Mr. Deane opened out the papers.

"You see," he began, Mr. Mershon looked at the drawings and then at his guest's face with a peculiar, cynical smile, and listened with his eyes averted.

"Yes; there is a lot of money in it," he said, after a time.

"You think so?" exclaimed Mr. Deane, eagerly.

Mrs. Mershon nodded.

"Yes; I'm ready to make a company of it. But you must put something into it. They'll expect that."

Mr. Deane's face fell.

"Let me tell you how I am placed," he said, with suppressed excitement. "I have a small indedendence, which produces the income—a narrow income—on which we live."

Mr. Mershon nodded.

"I understand. But that's enough. I'll show you the way to realize a sufficient sum to back this thing. Leave it to me. I'll work it for you. As you say, there's a fortune in this idea of yours."

"My dear sir, there is incalculable wealth!" interjected Mr. Deane.

"Quite so," said Mershon, with a scarcely concealed sneer.

"You leave it to me. You may have heard me telling your daughter about the large sums I have made out of limited companies? It's my forte, my line.

"You leave it to me. I'll take care of these drawings."

"You understand—you are quite sure you understand?" said Mr. Deane feverishly.

"Oh, I quite understand! Shall we join the ladies, Mr. Robert?" said Mershon.

They went into the drawing room, and Mr. Mershon, with a sharp glance at Mrs. Sherborne, who was bending over some embroidery, went up to Decima.

"Will you play or sing for us, Miss Deane?" he said.

Decima, who had been taught by Lady Pauline to accede to any request unless it were unreasonable or wrong, went at once to the piano, and Mr. Mershon followed her.

She knew all her songs by heart, and she sang the "Message." Sang it, not with the professional air which so many women aim at, but girlishly and sweetly; Mr. Mershon stood beside her, leaning on the piano, his small sharp eyes fixed on her face with the expression which a man wears when his heart is in the look.

All unconsciously she glanced up at him as the song finished and caught the look in his eyes. It was as if a cold, an icy cold, hand had been laid upon her heart, and she rose and stood a little apart from him.

"Will you not sing again?" he said. "Do!" and for an instant his eyes sought hers.

Decima unconsciously moved away from him and nearer to Bobby.

"No—I will not sing again," she said, almost coldly. "It—it must be getting late, Bobby!"

Bobby came up to her; there was a little more talk, and then she managed to convey to him that she really wanted to go.

Mr. Mershon himself saw them into the fly.

"I hope this won't be your last visit to the Firs, Miss Deane!" he said, and his thin fingers closed round hers.

Decima made no response, and the fly drove off. Mr. Mershon returned to the drawing-room, and, leaning his arm on the carved mantelshelf, looked at the silent woman who was bending over her embroidery again.

"Well?" he said at last, sharply.

She glanced up at him nervously.

"Well, Theodore?" she said timidly.

"What do you thing of her?" he demanded. "Isn't she beautiful, lovely? Is there any girl, woman, like her in all the world?"

"She—she is very beautiful, very sweet," she assented, under her breath.

Mr. Mershon laughed. "I'm glad you think so," he said, "for I mean to make her my wife."

Mrs. Sherborne raised her head and opened her lips, but no sound came.

"Well; what have you to say? Why the deuce don't you speak?" he said, with the sudden fury of a weak nature, and he looked as as evil as a malicious monkey as he glowered down at her with his small eyes glowing excitedly.

"You hear! And you've got to help me. You've got to make a friend of her; get the right side of her. You understand?"

Mrs. Sherborne moistened her lips, and cast a deprecatory glance at him.

"She—she is very young, Theodore," she said.

"Young! I like her all the better for that. Hang it, you don't suppose I should be such an ass as to fall in love with an old woman! And I've fallen in love with her, I tell you."

"She—she may not consent. I—I mean, she seems to have some will power of her own, Theodore; I have been talking to her——"

"Consent! Will of her own!" he said, with a sneer. "You are not an idiot! Do you suppose I'm depending upon her sweet will only?

"Not me! I know a better game than that. She'll consent fast enough. You wait and see! I've got her tight enough; or, if I haven't got her already, I shall have her in my grip presently!"

CHAPTER X.

A WEEK passed, ten days; but no Lord Gaunt appeared. Decima had ceased to go to the Hall; but she met Mr. Bright every day in the village, and that gentleman's face grew longer and less cheerful each time.

"I can't make it out, Miss Deane!" he said, on the eleventh day. "He said he would come at the end of the week—he may have meant month; it's just possible that I may have misunderstood him. But I've got everything ready. You'd be surprised at what I've managed to get done in the last few days, you would indeed! And he hasn't come after all."

"He may come in a day or two," said Decima. She, too, felt a little, just a little, disappointed.

"Do you think so?" he said, catching at the hope eagerly; then he shook his head. "I don't know. It's just as likely that he won't come at all. Though he promised, and a promise is a promise with him. I know that.

"And he doesn't write; and I don't know where to write to. I've sent word to the lawyers that the place is ready, that is, as far ready as I could get it in the time; and they have written that they don't know Lord Gaunt's address—that he's away from London. I'm almost in despair, for, you see, he may have gone to Africa after all."

"I hope not, for your sake," said Decima, gently.

"Say for all our sakes, and his own most!" said Mr. Bright. "Well, I'm not going to give up hope; and I'm keeping on at the slave driving—you should see me hounding on the workman! They think me no end of a brute and bully. Going your rounds?

"Ah, you've fluttered down on the place like a ministering angel, Miss Deane! I hear yur praises sung wherever I go. I've been at the Robins' cottage, and that poor sick girl of hers had the tears in her eyes when she told me of your goodness to her. Well, I won't say any more, if you don't like it, and I beg your pardon. I'm off to the Hall—there's a new grand piano just arrived; that looks as if he meant coming."

He bustled off rather more cheerfully; and Decima went her way. Perhaps Lord Gaunt would not come after all. Yes; she would be sorry if he did not, she told herself.

But, though Lord Gaunt were still absent, the Deanes ought not to have been dull, for they saw a good deal of Mr. Mershon and his sister. Scarcely a day passed but that gentleman strolled down to the Woodbines.

He generally went straight to the laboratory, and Decima could hear her father talking—Mr. Mershon always appeared to play the listener's part—in his rapid, nervous way.

Once or twice she went in—not knowing Mr. Mershon was there—and found him sitting on the bench as she had seen him on his first visit, his chin in his hands, his attitude like that of a monkey, and his big cigar in his lips.

Sometimes she met him in the garden, and he would stop and talk to her in short, disjointed sentences, his small, sharp eyes scanning her face when she was not looking at him, to be quickly averted when she turned her frank, guileless eyes upon his face.

Several times the Firs' carriage, in all its magnificence and newness, dashed up to the gate, and Mrs. Sherborne would come in and sit in the drawing-room and talk to Decima in her hesitating, constrained fashion; and on all the visits she begged Decima to go for a drive with her.

Decima did not very much care for Mrs. Sherborne, though she pitied her—why, she could scarcely have told—and several times refused the drive, but, one afternoon, Mrs. Sherborne begged so hard, that Decima accompanied her.

But she was sorry that she had done so, for all Mrs. Sherborne's talk was of her brother.

"Theodore is so—so clever," she said, glancing at Decima, nervously, and yet curiously.

"He was always clever as a boy. We all used to say that he would make his mark, and do great things. I don't suppose there is anyone in the City more—more successful and respected"—she paused a moment—"more admired than he is."

Decima did not know what to say, and so remained silent; and, after another glance, Mrs. Sherborne went on, still more nervously—

"He has made a great deal of money. Theodore is immensely rich—but I daresay you can see see that."

"Oh, yes," said Decima. "It must be very nice to be rich—for those who care for money," she added.

"You don't care for it, my dear?" said Mrs. Sherborne, with some surprise.

Decima smiled.

"No; why should I? Does money bring happiness?"

As she spoke she thought of Lord Gaunt. He was immensely rich, and—well, his sad, weary face rose before her, and she sighed. "I don't think it does. Of course, I do not know very much about it."

"No; you are very young and inexperienced," said Mrs. Sherborne. "But you know that everybody wants to be rich, everybody struggles and strives for money—more money."

"Yes; I know!" said Decima. "And it seems so foolish. If it it does not bring happiness, what is the use of it? Why, see how happy some, most, of the poor people here are! They are always cheerful. I hear the women, even the poorest, singing as I go into the village, and the men whistle as they go to their work."

"Then you wouldn't care to marry a rich man, my dear?" Mrs. Sherborne asked.

The speech jarred upon the girl. She had not thought of marriage, and her innocent heart shrank from the woman's questioning.

"I don't know—I have not thought. Not if it was only because he was rich. Oh, I do not know! See how lovely that tree looks with the red sunset upon it!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sherborne, and she was silent a moment; then she said, as if she felt constrained to continue the subject—

"We have often wondered why Theodore has not married. Of course, he is quite a young man still, but—well, men, especially very rich men, marry at an earlier age than his. And he must have met so many nice—so many beautiful women who—who would have been glad to marry him. Don't you think it is very strange?"

"Is it?" said Decima, growing very weary of the topic. "Perhaps he has not seen any one he cares for."

Mrs. Sherborne glanced at the lovely face with its unclouded eyes.

"Perhaps that is it," she said. "But he will some day. I hope she will be a—a nice girl."

"I hope so, for your sake," said Decima. "She—she will be able to have everything she wants—everything she can desire," said Mrs. Sherborne, in a dry, mechanical tone, as if she were repeating something she had carefully rehearsed.

"Theodore is liberal enough when—when he cares for anyone. He will spend money like water to—to—gain his object. Yes, his wife will be able to buy anything she may fancy."

"That will be very nice for her," said Decima, unsuspectingly. "And now may we turn and go back, please, Mrs. Sherborne? I like to be in some little time before dinner."

Mrs. Sherborne looked at her sideways, sighed, and ordered the coachman to drive back to the Woodbines. She had done her best, but against the girl's absolute innocence and unconsciousness Mrs. Sherborne's hints and suggestions glanced off like arrows from a coat of mail.

"Hallo, been out in the Mershon's chariot!" said Bobby, as Decima came into the house, "What's it feel like, sitting in such a gorgeous vehicle and staring at the backs of two richly-dressed flunkeys. Did you fancy yourself a duchess, Decie?"

Decima laughed and shook her head.

"I felt like the Lord Mayor I once read of, who, being a simple minded man, confessed that he longed to get out of his state coach and take a cab," she said, running up to her room.

"No news of Lord Gaunt yet!" Bobby remarked at dinner. Bright wears a face of despair, and I'm inclined to suspect that Gaunt has been playing a game of spoof."

"What do you mean?" said Decima.

"My poor child, how terribly your education has been neglected, for all you can speak French and Hitalian and play the pi—ano. You don't know your own language yet! Learn, you young dunce, that, 'to spoof' is synonymous with to deceive, only it's a better because a more expressive, word.

"Depend upon it, Lord Gaunt has been having a lark with the simple Bright—and a young lady who shall be nameless—and, having had his fun, is off to other climes. Shouldn't wonder if he is on his way to Africa by this time."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Decima, and she gazed before her with rather a disappointed look in her eyes.

She was very quiet for the rest of the dinner, and when it was over, and she had listened to her father's usual monologue—a monologue which had lately grown more extravagant and sanguine—she stole out into the garden, and, leaning on the gate, thought of Bobby's speech. Would he not come, after all? Had he been deceiving them?

She opened the gate, and walked down the fir-scented road until she came to the spot from which she could see the great house. The sight of it, the thought that its owner was, probably, many hundred miles away, and would not see all that—yes, she had done, saddened her.

She was roused from her reverie by the sound of a horse's hoofs. Though at some distance, it ran pleasantly on the smooth road, and as she listened it came nearer. Instinctively she drew back under the shadow of the trees.

The rhythmical beat came nearer and nearer, and presently in the moonlight she saw a man riding a big black horse. It was coming along at a swinging pace, and it was almost abreast of her before she saw that the rider was Lord Gaunt.

She did not recognize him for a moment, for Gaunt was one of those men who look younger in the saddle than on foot. He sat his horse perfectly; man and horse, indeed, seemed one.

A sudden gladness shot up, like a tiny

flame, in her breast, but she drew farther back. She saw that he looked pale, and that he was lost in thought, and she half hoped—though why she did not know—that he would pass by without seeing her.

But the man who watches for big game in Africa with a keenness upon which his life depends acquires abnormal quickness and sharpness of sight; and as he came up to the slim figure in its soft gray dress, Gaunt glanced at her.

He pulled the great horse up almost on its haunches, and leapt lightly from the saddle.

"Miss Deane!" he said, raising his hat.

Decima held out her hand, and he took it and looked at her, not absent-mindedly now, but with a strange directness.

"You have come back!" she said. "I am glad!"

His eyes fixed themselves on her.

"Yes, I have come back. And you are glad?" he said, with some surprise in his tone.

"Yes; for Mr. Bright's sake—and the people's!" she said, with the innocent frankness of a child.

He nodded.

"Ah, yes," he said; "for Bright's sake—yes, yes."

"He would have been so disappointed!" said Decima. "He has been so dreadfully anxious about you! If you had seen him this morning!" she laughed softly, and he smiled gravely.

"I have just seen him," he said. "I came back this afternoon. I should have been here before, but I have been—detained in London."

"I knew you would come!" she said, forgetting all her recent doubts and fears. "You promised."

"Yes, I promised. Otherwise——" the horse fidgetted, and he drew the bridle over his arm more tightly.

"What a beautiful horse!" said Decima. Her heart was beating with a sharp sense of pleasure, her lovely face was softly radiant. He looked at her with the intent regard of his grave eyes.

"Do you admire horses? He is an old friend. He has carried me for many a year, and in strange places—in places where he and I have been sole companions."

The horse stretched out his arched neck and smelt at her, and Decima stroked his nose with her soft, warm hand.

"You are not afraid of him?" Gaunt asked.

"Oh, no!" said Decima. "I love animals—horses especially. What is his name?"

"Nero," he said. "Rather like a dog's name, isn't it? He will not hurt you," for the horse, encouraged by the caress, thrust his nose against her, and breathed heavily and quickly as a horse will do when it takes a sudden fancy: and horses are like women in this respect.

"I am not afraid," she said, and she put her arm round the sleek neck and pressed the handsome head against her bosom.

Gaunt watched the pair in silence for a moment, then he said—

"I am glad I have seen you so soon, Miss Deane. I want to thank you."

"To thank me?" said Decima, absorbed in the horse.

"Yes," he went on. "For all you have done for me. When I got home, to the house which I expected to find grim and deserted, I found that it had been made a House Beautiful. And every one—not only Bright, but the workmen themselves told me that it was you who had so transformed it."

"Oh, no, no!" said Decima. 'Not I! It was Mr. Bright, and the men from London."

"Not at all!" he said quickly. "Yours has been the guiding hand, your taste the guiding spirit. They told me. But even if they had not done so, I should have guessed it. It was evident that some woman's hand, some woman's eye, had been at work."

Decima looked up at him with a frank smile of pleasure. For his praise was sweeter than she knew.

"I am so glad you are pleased!" she said. "You can't tell how nervous, and, yes, frightened I was. Oh, very often! It might have been all wrong, you see!"

"It is all right," he said, his eyes resting on hers. "It is all beautiful; too good for such as I. And I am filled with shame when I think of all you have done for me."

His voice vibrated with a suppressed emotion.

"Oh, but it was nothing. Indeed, I enjoyed it. Bobby said it was because I was spending someone else's money; but it wasn't that only. I was thinking of the house—the poor, neglected, deserted house—and the people here."

"Ah, yes, yes," he said, rather grimly.

"And," she went on frankly, "I wanted to make it nice and comfortable, so that you should be tempted to stay."

"I see," he said. "Well, you have succeeded. It is so nice and comfortable that I shall never want to leave it!"

Decima looked up at him with a glad smile as she patted and caressed Nero. "I am so glad!" she said.

"And Mr. Bright will be very glad. And Bobby! Will you not come in and see him? He is reading, cramming, as he calls it, for his exam. Will you not come in? Our house, as I daresay you know, is only just up the road."

He hesitated a moment, a moment only, then he said, simply—

"Thank you, yes; I will come in for a moment."

He walked beside her, with the bridle over his arm, and when they reached the gate, slung it over the post.

"Will he stay quiet?" asked Decima.

He spoke a word in the horse's ear. "Till morning if necessary," he said.

She led the way through the dimly lighted hall into the faded drawing-room. Bobby was seated at the table in his favorite attitude; his head in his hands, his eyes glued to his books, a cigarette between his teeth.

At sight of Lord Gaunt he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of welcome.

Gaunt just glanced round the room, and then at the slim, girlish figure. It was like a flower, the one solitary flower in a gray, sober garden.

"Ah, Deane!" he said, in a tone which wins a young man's heart. "Back again, you see! Cramming, eh? Lucky fellow! They wanted me to go into the army, but I hadn't the capacity or the industry."

"Glad to see you, Lord Gaunt," said Bobby, heartily. "My father's in his workshop, laboratory. I'll bring him."

He hurried out, and Lord Gaunt and Decima were left alone.

"Have you had your dinner?" she said.

He did not tell her that his dinner had been waiting for him for the last hour.

"Thanks, yes. At least," for even the conventional fib was difficult under the direct gaze of those truthful, trustful eyes—"It doesn't matter. I am not wedded to dinner. I have gone without any too often."

Mr. Deane came in, his grotesque dress clothes powdered with dust, his gray hair thrust hastily out of his eyes. Lord Gaunt shook hands with him, and scanned him with a quick glance.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Deane. "How do you do, Mr.—?" He looked at Bobby enquiringly.

"Lord Gaunt, sir, Lord Gaunt, of Leafmore," said Bobby, in an undertone.

"Of course, of course!" said Mr. Deane. "I am glad to see you, Lord Gaunt. Are you going to make a long stay at—at——"

"Leafmore," whispered Bobby.

"Of course! Leafmore. You will remain and dine with us?"

"We've had our dinner hours ago," said Bobby, laughing.

"Leafmore," said Mr. Deane, abstractedly. Then, with a sudden brightening up of his faculties, he went on, eagerly.

"You have some wonderful trees at your place, Lord Gaunt! Wonderful! I don't know that, out of Scotland, I have ever seen more magnificent firs. Now, did it ever occur to you that great things might be done with the extraction of terebene from the fir? At any rate, it has occurred to me. Terebene is the active ingredient——"

Bobby touched him on the arm, and Mr. Deane turned to him with a kind of bewildered impatience.

"What is it, Robert? I am endeavoring to explain to Lord Gaunt that he has an enormous fortune—an enormous fortune—within his reach. Terebene is one of the most valuable products——"

Bobby glanced at Gaunt apologetically and appealingly, and Gaunt, with admirable tact, said.

"Thank you, Mr. Deane; perhaps you will come up to Leafmore and tell me more about it? I'm afraid I must be going now."

"Yes, yes! Good night!" said Mr. Deane, and, shaking Gaunt's hand absently, he shuffled out of the room.

Gaunt moved towards the door; but, as he reached it, he looked round, and his eyes rested on the lovely face so dimly seen by the light of the one shaded lamp.

"At any rate you will come up to Leafmore, Deane?" he said. Then he looked at Decima again. "And you, too, Miss Deane? I want to show you how comfortable you have made me."

"Oh, we'll come right enough!" said Bobby, heartily. "Eh, Decima?"

She did not answer. They both went to the gate, and Gaunt got on his horse. Then he bent down and held out his hand to Decima—

"Good night, and thank you," he said. His voice had a deep ring in it which Decima had not heard until now.

"Good night," she said, smiling up at him.

Gaunt rode off at a bound, and let the impatient Nero go his own pace—always a fast one; but presently he brought him to a walk by a slight pressure of the rein: and then, letting it lie loose, rode silently, and with an abstracted look.

The beautiful face haunted him; her words, "I am glad you have come!" rang in his ears softly, and her eyes—were they gray, or blue, or violet?

He roused himself with a start as Nero bore him into the courtyard, and with an impatient start and shake, he handed the horse over to the groom, and went into the house.

His valet was waiting for him, and he looked curiously at his master as Gaunt entered the dressing-room. The man—Hobson by name—had been with him for years, and was deeply attached to him.

They had undergone perils and privations together, had looked death in the face side by side; but Hobson had never stepped out of his place, and had remained that wonderful being, a devoted and respectful servant who sticketh closer than a brother. There was an expression in his master's face which Hobson had not seen for years. It was almost cheerful.

"I'm late, Hobson!" he said; "a bad beginning, but I suppose you told them in the servants' hall that I was never to be relied upon?"

"Yes, my lord," said Hobson, simply.

Lord Gaunt smiled, and, as he took off his coat, said—

"Thanks; I thought you would. But, Hobson, we must reform, reform! Now, be quick."

"Be quick!" Hobson glanced at him swiftly. He had not heard that tone for years.

* * * * * *

The next morning Gaunt went down the village, and the village stared at and watched him from its front door, or from behind its windows, with the deepest interest and a lively curiosity, which promptly developed into admiration.

For Lord Gaunt, in a riding suit, with his whip in his hand, and half-a-dozen dogs bounding round him or trotting demurely at his heels, looked a very different person to what they had expected.

"Why, he's a young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Topping, "and a Gaunt every inch of him. There's no mistaking your real gentry, Mrs. Murphy. Well, I'm going to drop him a curtesy, and give him good-day, if I'm to be shot for it!" and she made her bob as Gaunt passed the door.

He remembered her, and stopped at once, and returned the salutation. He spoke to Mrs. Murphy, and touched his hat in response to the respectful, almost awed, greetings of the men outside the inn, and he looked round him with an evident interest, which flattered those who were so closely watching him.

Presently Mr. Bright came trotting after him, and he turned to him with a smile.

"Ah, Bright, I'm taking my first visit of inspection," he said. He glanced at the tumble-down cottages. "It is not altogether a satisfactory one. Now then, fire away! I see you are charged to the brim."

Bright looked at him with a mixture of eagerness and apology.

"I don't like to begin to worry you right away, Lord Gaunt," he said.

Gaunt smiled.

"Oh, I'm in the humor this morning, and you'd better seize the opportunity. You want me to rebuild these, I suppose?"

"That's it, Lord Gaunt," said Bright, rather nervously.

"Well, they want it," said Gaunt, curtly.

"If you'd just step inside one of them—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MINISTER in a Missouri township wrote to Washington, on behalf of the residents of the place, asking that a post-office might be added to its institutions. The request was favorably received, and he was asked to suggest a name that would be acceptable to his neighbors. He replied that they were not hard to please, so long as the name was peculiar. The American Post-office Department took him at his word, and "Peculiar" is the name of the place to this day.

Bric-a-Brac.

ELEVEN TIMES AROUND THE EARTH.—Just think of it! "Eleven times around this globe of ours" in the space of 60 seconds! Can you imagine anything that moves with such remarkable speed? Sound travels only 12½ miles per minute, and a rifle ball (if its speed were not diminished by its resistance) 16½ miles. Light passes through a distance equal to 7½ revolutions of the earth in one minute, but electricity travels so astonishingly fast that it is able to complete the circuit of the earth 11½ times in 60 seconds.

EARLY BOOK PURVEYORS.—The monks of early days were practically the sole purveyors of books to the world. The earnestness with which some of them regarded their literary duties may be guessed from an amusing regulation of Lanfranc's monastery. As each brother heard his name called by the librarian at a stated time, he was to give back the book which he had borrowed from the library of the monastery, "and he whose conscience accused him of not having read through the book which he had received was to fall upon his face, confess his fault, and entreat forgiveness."

ARE ANIMALS LEFT-HANDED?—There seems to be evidence that some animals, at least, are left-handed. Parrots grasp and hold food with the left claw. Livingstone stated that lions struck with the left paw; he held, indeed, that all animals are left-handed. One investigator, who has been shaking hands with parrots to verify this observation, finds that the left-handed habit may be induced in parrots from the fact that in offering one's finger for the parrot to grasp it is usually the right hand. The parrot, therefore, puts his left claw forward. If a left finger be offered the bird will put forward the right foot.

KNOWING.—The following story is told of a toad's cunning. A brood of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little it attracted a large number of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarmed round the scheming creature, and whenever one passed within two inches or so of his nose, his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.

A THIRTEEN MONTH YEAR.—It is suggested that on Jan. 1, 1900, a new division of the year into 13 months be instituted. If such a division were made, the first 12 months would have 28 days, or four weeks each, and the new month 29 days, to make 365, and 30 in leap years. After a few days there would be no need to refer to calendars, as the same day of the week would have the same date through the year. If Jan. 1 were, say, Monday, every Monday would be the 1st, 8th, 15th and 22d; every Tuesday the 2d, 9th, 16th and 23d, and so on through the year. The changes of the moon would be on about the same dates through the year, and many calculations, like interest, dates of maturing notes, Easter and many other important dates would be simplified.

A MONSTER MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—The most gigantic harp ever constructed, as far as the record goes, was that made by Veritan, the provost of Burkli, near Bassi, Switzerland, 1786. That was a long while ago, but the fame of M. Veritan's gigantic harp was such that it is still occasionally mentioned by writers on the rare and the wonderful, just as the sea serpent, bloody rain, live mastadons, etc., are. M. Veritan's colossal musical instrument was 320 feet in length, and, on that account, was constructed in an open lot instead of in a harp factory. It was most simple in construction, consisting of 15 wires strung tightly between two poles. These wires were of different sizes, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in diameter and the smallest one twelfth of an inch. They were stretched north and south and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from 20 to 30 degrees with the horizon. This queer instrument was not intended as an exaggerated toy, but was constructed for the express purpose of telling changes in the weather, which were calculated by Professor Veritan according to the different tones the instrument made when the wind was blowing through it.

THE DAY BEYOND.

BY A. J. A.

When youth is with us, all things seem
But lightly to be wished and won;
We share to-morrow in a dream
And take our toll for work undone;
For life is long, and time a stream
That sleeps and sparkles in the sun—
What need of any haste? we say;
To-morrow's longer than to-day.

And when to-morrow shall destroy
The heaven of our dreams, in vain
Our hurrying manhood we employ
To build the vanished bliss again;
We have no leisure to enjoy.
So few the years that yet remain;
Too much to do, and, ah! we say,
To-morrow's shorter than to-day.

But when our hands are worn and weak,
And still our labors seem unbiest,
And time goes past us like a bleak
Last twilight waning to the west,
It is not here—the bliss we seek;
Too brief is life for happy rest.
And yet what need of grief? we say:
To-morrow's longer than to-day.

HIS SWEETHEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?" "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," "UNDER SUSPICION," "HER DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

IN a few moments however she somewhat recovered her self-possession, and turned to Captain Tennyson.

"I am innocent," she said, her eyes meeting his frankly, "so I shall not be afraid. But will you please go to Mr. Jones, who is staying at Deldale, and ask him to find the guilty person. He will be able to clear me."

The Captain looked at her doubtfully.

"I think I had better come with you to London first," he remarked.

But Maisie shook her head as she said—

"No—tell Jack; that will help me most." Then she spoke to the sergeant. "If you will wait while I ask one of the maids to put a few things together for me, I will come with you at once."

* * * * * * *

"No, sir—there's no Mr. Jones stopping 'ere, sir, nor expected that I know of, sir!"

Captain Tennyson stared rather helplessly at the butler's solemn face.

"Mr. Gascoigne is 'ere, sir, and Mr. Armitage, and a Mr. Rivers 'as harrived to see Lord Monteval; but not a Mr. Jones, sir."

A tall broad-shouldered handsome man opened a door and came into the hall as the butler spoke. Observing the visitor, he paused just in time to hear the last few words of Baker's reply.

"But a lady——" persisted Fred.

In two strides Jack reached the door.

"Has Miss Mitchell asked you to come?" he interposed. "She only knows me as Jack Jones!"—at which queer admission the butler turned away to hide a smile.

"Anything wrong?"

"She has been arrested on a charge of murdering Sir Geoffrey Clifford," replied the captain, "and they have taken her to London."

Jack notwithstanding his tanned skin, turned very pale.

"My name is Monteval," he explained. "Lord Monteval—and I am much—er—interested in Miss Mitchell. Won't you come in?"

"My name is Tennyson," responded Fred. He had felt sure, from the moment that Maisie had sent that appeal for help to Mr. Jones, that in that personage he should find his rival. "I have a message for you," he added curtly, as he accepted the invitation.

Lord Monteval led the way to a small sitting-room.

"It was good of you to come!" he said. "What was the message?"

"It was to tell you to find the guilty person, and then Miss Mitchell would be cleared."

"And she's gone to prison, which she so dreaded?" queried Lord Monteval. "By what train? The twelve o'clock?"

Captain Tennyson nodded.

"I offered to travel with her," he said; "but she would not let me, and preferred that I should come direct to you."

Lord Monteval looked closely at him for a moment, then extended his hand.

"You love her, too?" he observed; and Fred's face flushed crimson. "Let us work together to help her! Fortunately I have a private detective in the house.

"Yes—I love her," admitted the Captain; "but she has chosen the better man!"

He turned away before he added, "Shall we see the detective here?"

Whereupon Rivers was summoned; but the inquiry-officer showed no surprise at all upon hearing of the arrest.

"I knew they meant it," he said, referring to the police; "though how Banks got on her track so soon beats me. I'll report progress to-morrow, my lord, after the lady's been before the magistrate, if you'll meet me at the Belgravia. But meanwhile, if I might advise you, you'd listen to everything and say nothing. And, my lord"—here he looked the Viscount full in the face—"don't end your visit here. Good morning!" And the man was out of the house before Lord Monteval could ask a question.

At the Belgravia Hotel the day's business was progressing much as usual when Rivers arrived upon the scene. Two or three men lingered upon the steps talking; a few women lounged upon the soft chairs scattered about the hall, and Duval stood at the door of his office ready for such occupation as might come his way. It was to this functionary that the detective first addressed himself, and he proceeded straight to the point.

"I'm an inquiry agent," he explained to the Frenchman. "Come inside this box and hear what I have to say!" And, upon being obeyed, he added, "It's about that case of Sir Geoffrey Clifford."

"Of course! Nobody nevaire talks of nosing else now," answered the man. "Well, and what for you, saire?"

"This—you saw Sir Geoffrey Clifford bring three ladies down from the private sitting room on Tuesday night. Did they all leave the hotel?"

Rivers saw a quick gleam of intelligence cross the man's countenance, but the answer was uninteresting.

"Yes—all!"—"And you've not seen any of them since?"

Duval fixed his sharp little eyes upon the speaker's face.

"Who 'ave said so?" he responded. "One, she come back within one quartaire of an hour."

The detective brought his hands down with some force upon his knees, in token of satisfaction. To beat Banks upon his own ground, and in a cause celebre such as this, would indeed mean glory.

"Describe her," he said, which was the signal for unloosing the Frenchman's eloquence.

"Oh, these Engleesh girls! They are so beautiful—so beautiful! Mees who came and inquire for Sir Geoffrey—she were very lotely. Mess who ran back all out of breath and come into the place like a virlvind—she lotely too—mais pas si belle non!"

"Did she ask for any one?" inquired Rivers, as soon as the Frenchman's rapture was over.

"For Miladi Clifford. And when I say I would conduct her, she laugh. 'I knows the way,' she say—'I go alone'—and she go."

"Did you see her return?"

But there Duval was at fault. He had been called away for an hour just after the advent of the "virlvind," and had not subsequently seen her.

The detective however had now obtained information on which to work. He made for the manager's office, and the result of a short conversation between the two men became apparent.

All the servants who might by any chance have been occupied at the moment of the murder in any room which opened upon the corridor where the Clifford's private sitting room was situated were, one after another, summoned into their presence.

They had all been examined before, and each of them repeated a similar story—they had seen no lady enter Sir Geoffrey's room between half past five and six on the eventful day.

"I noticed Lady Clifford come out, though," one of the waiters observed. "She was singing a little, while she waited for the litt, and looked very bright and happy."

"Where did you go after you had passed her?" questioned Mr. Price.

"Down the back staircase, sir. I met the chambermaid, Doran, coming up."

"Oh! And what was she doing in that part of the house at that hour? She has never been mentioned before. Send her in."

A few minutes afterwards Mary Doran appeared upon the scene. She was tall and handsome, with Irish gray eyes and a strong Hibernian brogue.

"I was sint up to attind upon Lady Cardross, sir," she replied, in response to the first inquiry put to her. "Her own maid, shure, was out, and by the same token she hadn't nobody to button them boots av hers."

"You passed number seventeen, then, upon the way," remarked the manager. "Did you notice any one going in or coming out?"

"Shure, an' I did," she replied. "It was just as I was near upon number twenty that a tall lady, with big eyes, flashed by me loike a streak of loight.

"I looked after her, becos she went so powerful fast, and it was sivinteen as she was after."

"You watched her enter?" inquired Rivers eagerly.

"Arid why shouldn't I, thin, seeing as I was on the spot? She opened the door and entered; then she shut the door behind her."

"And that was all you observed?" asked the manager, as she paused.

"Yes, sir—barrin' as the lady wore a green gownd, and had some littie things like brown rats in her hat, and a pin all shinin' wi' jools in her hair."

"Why on earth this woman, and Duval too, have kept their information to themselves," remarked Rivers, as soon as Doran had vanished, "beats me! One would have thought they'd have had more sense!"

He had just time to catch a return train to Droxton, and it might be well to find out whether this tall dark woman who had once been escorted to the door by Sir Geoffrey, and who had come back in haste, with an apparent desire for another interview with his wife, had really been again admitted into Lady Clifford's presence.

If her ladyship had been with her maid from the time she went up in the litt until the moment when she ran down-stairs—there and then to discover her dead husband—certainly no one could have entered her presence without the knowledge of Annette.

"I happened to see my lady step out of the litt," the maid declared, on being interrogated. "She was humming a song, and beckoned me to attend her. I was with 'er from that moment until she went away to look after Sir Geoffrey."

"And you were alone?"

"Oh, yes—the hentire time!" declaired Annette, with emphasis." She'd had visitors, though, in the afternoon. Who they were I can't say however. I've honly entered 'er ladyship's service since 'er marriage. 'Er friends therefore are unknown to me."

This was baffling, for Rivers decided to know which of the three ladies who had called would answer to the slight description that had been afforded him.

He felt certain that the issue must rest between Lenore and Muriel Rowlands and their cousin, Mrs. Lisle, the fact of their visit having been mentioned at the inquest. But the detective himself had never seen one of them.

He went straight to Deldale, only to be met with the news that Lord Monteval had gone to London and would not return until the morrow, and that Captain Tennyson had accompanied him on his journey. Rivers was still standing upon the steps, questioning one of the servants, when he was favored by an unexpected sight.

The hours had passed quickly during his investigation. It was nearly eight o'clock, and Colonel Rowlands dined at that hour.

From the drawing-room there already came the sound of voices and laughter, for the house was filling, with a view to the approaching ball. Two or three men, in evening-dress, were standing about the hall smoking cigarettes, and they stared a little at the shabby-looking individual who was hindering the footman for such an unconscionable time. But their attention, as well as that of Rivers, was by-and-by attracted by the music of girlish chatter on the staircase.

"Who are the ladies?" whispered Rivers.

The man, having received from the butler a hint that this person was to be conciliated, answered more civilly than he might otherwise have done.

"Miss Rowlands, Miss Muriel, and Mrs. Lisle. The middle one is Mrs. Lisle."

Rivers gazed upon the trio with even more of professional interest than of admiration. Yes they were certainly handsome girls. Muriel, in her white gown, glittering with silver sequins, and with her very pale yellow hair piled high upon her head, looked quite fairy-like; Lenore, attired in pale pink, with her tip-tilted nose, red hair, and riante expression, was less lovely, but more attractive; but Daphne, dressed from head to foot in black—which sparkled with an embroidery of gold—with her flashing dark eyes and raven hair, was by far the most beautiful of the group—the most remarkable, too, as far as Rivers was concerned.

Rivers stared hard at the widow for a moment; but she, occupied in returning gay replies to the observations of her cousin George, who was lounging at the foot of the staircase, did not see this unknown spectator, and the detective had vanished before the closing of the door aroused her curiosity.

* * * * * * *

Bow Street was crowded when, the following day, Maisie Mitchell, a nurse in the employ of Ross, Lady Clifford, was brought up before the magistrate upon the charge of "stabbing and slaying" her ladyship's only son.

The girl looked pale and frightened, the natural result of the hours which she had spent in confinement. Well aware as she was of her own innocence, she was conscious that the circumstantial evidence against her was of the strongest; even the solicitor who had been retained to defend her admitted as much.

From that gentleman Maisie had learned her lover's true rank, but the discovery had not tended to soothe her. So important a personage as an English viscount ought not to be allowed to marry an insignificant creature who had once upon a time believed herself to be Mrs. Bolton but who had never really been married. She was so convinced of this, that she had even sent to his lordship a message by Mr. Wells, the solicitor, begging him not to come and see her.

But, though he so far obeyed her, he was not to be kept from attending the police-court. As Maisie was conducted into the dock in the care of the jailer, she met her lover's eyes, and his encouraging smile made her hopeful for the remainder of the day.

The evidence given was purely formal, a remand being asked for by the police, and the whole proceedings came to an end in about half an hour. Just as the pretty prisoner was about to be removed, a man in the body of the court rose and spoke. He was dressed as a clergyman, and, when Malsie heard his voice, she turned towards him with a start.

"I don't know whether I may be permitted to make a statement," said the interruptor. "I'm lately from the Cape, and English ways seem strange. But the prisoner gave her name as Mitchell. I can swear that I married her about a year and a half ago to a man called Bill Bolton, a gold-digger, in South Africa."

In her utter astonishment, Maisie herself answered him.

"But he said you were not a clergyman," she exclaimed, "and that therefore I was not really his wife!"

She was at once silenced. The magistrate said that the matter should be inquired into, and the witness' evidence taken the following week. Whereupon the man subsided; but ten minutes later he might have been seen deep in conversation with Lord Monteval and Mr. Wells.

The Viscount made no further effort for the moment to gain an interview with Maisie. It seemed to him better to win her freedom at once than to insist on a conversation which she had, for some reason best known to herself, denied him, therefore he busied himself in matters which should result in her speedy liberation.

That it would be no difficult matter to restore her to freedom seemed clear to the sanguine lover when he and Captain Tennyson by-and-by heard all the news which Rivers had to communicate. It was the detective himself who doubted as to whether the fresh information was sufficiently decisive to convict Daphne and acquit Maisie.

"You see, my lord, because a young woman goes into a room and speaks to a man there, that isn't to say that she kills him," he shrewdly observed. "Say that she saw Sir Geoffrey, and that he said his wife was dressing, what would Mrs. Lisle do? Why, go away again and leave the coast clear for the other girl—leastways that's what she might have done."

"But she didn't, though," remarked the Captain.

"Anyway, her visit must have been of the shortest, for there is no question that she caught the six-o'clock train," supplemented Lord Monteval. "I heard the girls speaking of it yesterday, and I thought Mrs. Lisle looked rather disturbed at the matter being mentioned."

Rivers laughed, and said—

"She must 'ave been a cool card though—always supposing her to be guilty. Now the thing is to see if we can find out anything more about her movements during those few minutes. You are staying in the house, my lord, and ought to have good chance."

Lord Monteval colored uneasily.

"I don't intend to play the spy," he marked—"that is a little beyond what I can do! I sha'n't go back to Deldale."

Captain Tennyson looked sympathetic, but Rivers evidently disagreed with him, and in the end his arguments prevailed.

"There need be no spying, my lord," he urged. "Only, if you can pick up in

mation, remember it may save the prisoner. There was some talk at one time, wasn't there, of a match between Sir Geoffrey and Mrs. Lisle?"

The Captain nodded and smiled.

"All the county was betting on it," he replied. "You think that that might have a bearing on this last shindy?"

During the return railway journey Lord Monteval and Fred discussed the affair. What to do next was the matter which exercised both men, but neither guessed how little action upon the part of anybody would be needed to precipitate events already drawing to a crisis.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN TENNYSON had accepted an invitation to dinner at Deldale for that night.

"And jolly glad I am," remarked the Viscount, "that you'll be there to support me. How am I to meet that woman with civility, keep my tongue silent about Maisie, and generally play the giddy goat as though nothing was amiss, I don't know! I wasn't made that way."

Of that he gave abundant evidence an hour or two later, by the manner in which he offered his arm to Mrs. Lisle, when the hostess requested him to conduct that lady to the dining room.

Daphne was that night looking her loveliest. She was wearing a flame-colored gown of chiffon, fresh from the hands of a Bond street milliner.

Round her neck was a line of large rubies, whilst a tiny star of similar rich stones shone upon her forehead, just where her dark hair was parted.

But Lord Monteval, seated at her side, had no eyes for her beauty, and to him it seemed as though her scarlet garments were dyed with her victim's blood.

"I should think you've had a fatiguing day in London," she remarked demurely.

"Really? Why?" Even to himself his voice sounded hoarse and hard.

"Because you've not spoken one word since we sat down. Now I want to be amused, for we've talked funreals ever since my uncle came back from attending Sir Geoffrey's. Tell me about the girl—that Miss Mitchell—who was before the magistrates this morning. I'm sure that you and Captain Tennyson were there to support her."

Daphne rattled off the words in the gayest style, yet beneath the elaborately careless manner Lord Monteval fancied that he could detect some anxiety, and a sudden impulse moved him to see whether he could not break down her calm.

"Oh she was all right!" he replied, toying with the stem of a wine-glass. "Of course nobody believes that she did it, so why should she disturb herself?"

Mrs. Lisle swiftly glanced at him, while the red spots upon her cheeks seemed to stand out vividly against her white skin. A woman would have divined at once that she was painted, and had turned pale beneath the rouge, but that was beyond his lordship's ken.

"You mean that you and Captain Tennyson don't believe in her guilt?" she queried.

"Oh, no! Our opinion would be worth very little. It was from a detective I had my information. He told me that there was another clue."

It was inexcusably rash of him. He realized that himself as he noted her trembling hands.

But Daphne was not the woman to be easily trapped into a self-betrayal. Almost before Lord Monteval had convinced himself of her terror all signs of it had disappeared.

"What have they discovered?" she inquired.

His lordship shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask me another. Possibly the weapon."

"Oh, Daphne, before I forget it," said Lenore, who was siting at the other side of the Viscount—"will you lend me your Egyptian dagger to wear in my hair at the ball? Those rubies and sapphires in the hilt would go well with my dress."

Mrs. Lisle started, and her lips turned ashen pale.

"I can't! I—I've lost it!" she stammered. "Besides—it's so heavy—it always pulls down my hair."

"Mine shall be done up safely," Lenore assured her, with one of her ringing laughs. "You can't have lost it, for you wore it in town on Tuesday. Don't you remember? Why, Daphne——"

Lord Monteval pushed back his chair and was just in time to save Mrs. Lisle from falling to the floor. The guests were in a state of confusion in a moment, for the beautiful widow had closed the conversation with her cousin by fainting away.

"I never knew her do such a thing before!" exclaimed Lenore, as the Viscount carried Mrs. Lisle from the hot dining-room into a sitting-room near at hand.

"She hasn't seemed well for several days. I wonder what's wrong with her?"

Late that night, after all the outdoor guests had taken their departure, and when nearly every person within the house was already in bed and asleep, Viscount Monteval found his way out through a side door into the garden.

The night was intensely cold and bleak, but it had become impossible to him to stay any longer within the walls of his room with the thoughts and anxieties that oppressed him. He had come out to find comfort in the charms of the fresh air and a pipe.

With all his soul he hated the position in which he found himself. To clear Maisie's name was one thing, to hound to destruction another woman was quite another.

The moon was shining brightly, and the stars were gleaming in the frosty sky. He himself, as he smoked a well-colored meerschaum, was wandering up and down a strip of grass where the shadow of some yew-trees fell thickly. In front of him was the lawn, which sloped away towards a partly-frozen lake that gleamed in the silvery moonlight. The ice upon it was very thin, and, except at the extreme edge, was little more than a brittle glazing.

The scene altogether was one of peaceful beauty, and gradually it seemed to calm him. His thoughts recurred to Maisie, and to the future which they would surely spend together. He remembered with delight the news which the stranger cleric had that day imparted in court to the soliciter and himself.

"They were married, safe enough," the stranger had said. "I am an ordained priest, and you can obtain proofs of the marriage at any time. The man simply denied her claims upon him in order to get rid of her."

Already, as the Viscount knew, a cablegram of inquiries regarding those same proofs had been despatched to the Cape, and Maisie's reputation would be cleared in every detail before a week had passed.

"The world would have blamed her because she was friendless and had trusted a scoundrel. It will only pity Mrs. Childers' daughter," he thought.

The ruminations in which he was indulging were shattered by a strange reality, for suddenly he became aware that some one was walking noiselessly across the lawn, making straight for the lake.

It was a woman's form, draped in a long fur-lined cloak, beneath which the edge of a softly-trailing gown was visible.

"Mrs. Lisle!" exclaimed the Viscount, under his breath. "What can she be up to?"

He had not long to wait in ignorance, for Daphne had reached the edge of the frozen water by this time. She tossed back her cloak then, and raised her hand, as if to throw. The appearance of the lake however seemed to startle her, and her hand fell.

Then, with the toe of her dainty shoe, she tried the strength of the ice at the edge, which cracked beneath the pressure. Standing with one foot upon the ground, she endeavored, with all her force, to make a hole in the brittle surface with the heel of the other shoe.

Silently and swiftly Lord Montrval rushed across the grass and placed himself behind her—so close, indeed, that he could hear the sigh of relief which she gave as the ice at last yielded, and, through a jagged hole, the dark water below became visible.

Once more she stretched out her hand, in which some bright slender object was clasped, and his lordship's heart beat heavily as he saw its shape. This could be the weapon which the doctor had described as that with which Sir Geoffrey's death-wound had been inflicted.

In another moment Daphne would have dropped it into the lake, the dark depths of which filled a disused quarry of vast extent, and the evidence of her crime would have been lost for ever.

But at that instant Maisie's lover seized Mrs. Lisle's hand; but as to what happened during the next few seconds Lord Monteval was never quite certain. There remained with him afterwards a memory of a wild yet subdued shriek, of a tussle for the dagger which its possessor clutched so firmly, of a white terrified face, and of a quick gasping breath. Then the struggle was over, and he stood with the weapon in his hand which Daphne had so vainly endeavored to dispose of.

For a few moments he and the desparate woman remained silently facing each other. Then she fell upon her knees, gripping the corner of his overcoat, in a passion of entreaty.

"Lord Monteval, spare me!" she implored, with her convulsed face upturned towards him, each agonised feature made visible by the clear moonbeams. "I saw to-night that you suspected me. Now I suppose you have me in your power. But, if you knew all, you would be merciful!"

He felt stunned with perplexity. How could he be merciful when Maisie's liberty, perhaps her life, depended on justice, not mercy?

"I'll tell you!" she continued, speaking rapidly and with intense excitement. "You can't think worse of me than you do now. Besides, what is there to be ashamed of in having loved a villain, and having been deceived? Lord Monteval, he drew me on, until my very soul was absorbed in him. I used to think of him always, and sometimes, when he was away from me, I wrote and told him how I loved him!"

Tears had gathered in her eyes and were rolling down her white cheeks. As she paused, Lord Monteval said—

"Get up—you'll take cold, kneeling on this frozen grass!"

But she shook her head.

"Not until I have your promise not to betray me," she continued. "I could not bear to have the whole world—to have—George—looking upon me as some murderous beast, only fit for the gallows! And why? Because of Geoffrey.

"It was his fault, I tell you—all, all—even his own horrible death. For somehow he had found out that I was beginning to care for George, and, instead of being glad that I was comforted at last, when I asked him to return my letters—oh, I'd begged to have them before, but this was at the hotel on Tuesday!—he laughed at me, and threatened to send them to my cousin. I went mad then!"

She did not know that some one else was standing just behind her, listening to every word—one who has been drawn from the house by her shriek, and Lord Monteval did not tell her. He was glad of George's knowledge and presence, for it would lessen his own responsibility.

"It was when we were going to the station that the idea occurred to me to go back once more and make a final entreaty. I had a vague notion of getting Daisy to side with me. So I ran as fast as I could, and went into the room where she had been before. Sir Geoffrey was there alone, with his back towards the door; and, even when I spoke, he did not turn his head. He loved to insult me by such little rudenesses."

George Rowlands and Lord Monteval exchanged glances over her head. This tale, told by those impassioned lips, carried with it a conviction of its truth

"I said, 'Geoffrey, I beseech you to give me those letters?' And he laughed out loud. 'I won't!' he told me again. 'George shall have them to-morrow!' And then the devil reminded me of the dagger that I had run through my hair. I thought that a dead man could never do me harm, and—well, you know the rest. My wrist is strong, and I struck hard!"

The Viscount looked curiously at the death-dealing toy in his hand. So small and pretty a thing to have been employed in such fearful work!

Altogether it was about eight inches long; the sheath was made of pure burnished gold, and the dagger itself, which he drew out, was of the most finely-tempered steel, the hilt encrusted with jewels.

The whole could not have weighed more than a few ounces, and no one, seeing it in a woman's hair, would have taken it for other than a useless ornament, so slender and delicate was its workmanship. Yet it had taken a man's life. There, upon the darkened blade, were still the awful stains.

"Give it back to me," she entreated—"and preserve my secret! You are a gentleman, not a detective, Lord Monteval! Show some kindness to an unhappy wretch! Don't let any one know!"

"But what about Miss Mitchell?" a voice close to her side queried,

At the unexpected sound, Daphne Lisle sprang to her feet, with a blood-curdling shriek.

"You here!" she queried. "You and you've listened to it all? Oh, is there no escape for me?"

The distraught woman held up her slender arms—from which the heavy cloak fell away as she moved—towards the sky, as if, in her extremity, appealing to Heaven. Then she broke into a wild peal of laughter.

"Follow me if you dare!" she exclaimed, springing forward upon the ice. "You dare not!"

The men endeavored to pursue her; but, at that moment, the thin treacherous covering of ice quivered and cracked, scarcely allowing time to Lord Monteval and George to spring backwards to the bank. But Daphne made no effort to do so.

The water closed over her head; and though, to the great peril of his life, the Viscount plunged into the icy pool, he however failed to find any trace of the poor misguided creature.

* * * * * *

Just one month later, Maisie, Lady Clifford, stood side by side with John, Viscount Monteval, listening to the words of the priest, as he pronounced them man and wife.

The wedding was of the quietest description, but surely greater affection never existed in the hearts of any bridegroom or bride than in theirs.

"My own—my own sweet Maisie for ever!" he whispered, after the manner of newly-created husbands, as they drove away together from the church-door. "At last!"

"I'm sure you haven't waited long," she replied. "Since it has been proved that I was legally married to——"

"Don't mention him!" interrupted the bridegroom. "I declare I'm jealous of him even now! And, if you had kept me waiting because of him, Maisie, I believe I'd have had a duel with his ghost!"

Lady Monteval nestled closer to her husband's side

"We've had a dreadful past, Jack," she declared; "still, the present makes amends for all."

"Amen!" he ejaculated, kissing her tenderly.

"Then let us live in it and forget what has gone before," her ladyship said—"shall we? except a few things, of course!"

"Such as ——" And the Viscount paused.

"The sweetnesses," she answered, smiling at her lord and master. "Our first meeting in Africa, for instance."

"Our first kiss in a muddy road," he said tormentingly.

"And the day that you told me that my name was cleared and I was free—the day when"—she hesitated—"I was able once more to respect myself, though I did happen to be in prison at the time."

The arm that was about her slim waist tightened its pressure.

"And what of the sweetest moment of all?" he inquired, as he touched her lips with his own, and looked into the dark gray eyes that fell before "Jack's" passionate gaze.

Lady Monteval raised her arched eyebrows, though she did not glance up.

"Haven't I mentioned it yet?" she asked, with pretty coquetry. "If not, you'd better remind me. Which has been the sweetest of all?"

"That which gave me sweet Maisie," he answered her tenderly."

[THE END.]

IN DEADLY PERIL.—The thrilling story of a cyclist's hair-breadth escape has been recently told in a letter to a local paper.

The adventure occurred late at night in one of the beautiful roads that abound in the country.

According to the victim's own statement, when a dark part of the road was reached, a man suddenly dashed at him from the cover of one of the fences.

Fortunately the ruffian missed his aim. Though for a hundred yards or so he held the terrified wheeler in chase, he dropped away beaten when the bottom of the hill was reached.

The unknown assailant, declared the cyclist in his letter, must have meant mischief, "otherwise he would not have run after me."

So serious an attempt at highway violence could not be overlooked by the police. Investigations were made, with the result that the alarms of the district have been happily allayed.

The highwayman, whose appearance was described as "far from pleasant," proves to be a small boy who had been visiting a relative in the district.

Nervous and afraid of going home in the dark, he had sought the company of the first human being he found on the road—our friend the cyclist.

The latter has heard so many thrilling tales of highwaymen and bloodthirsty small boys lately as will last him for some time to come.

EYES AND NO EYES.—"The one great secret of successful conjuring is very simple," says a famous wizard. "It consists merely of doing things when people are not looking at you.

"You'll probably call that absurd, but it is really the case. All one has to do is to make the audience look in one direction while the deception is being worked in another, and that is easy enough.

"I needn't even speak a word. I have merely to look fixedly at a certain thing. The eyes of the spectators invariably follow mine, and during the ten or fifteen seconds they are thus occupied I can do what I want to make the trick a success.

THE DAY BEYOND.

BY A. J. A.

When youth is with us, all things seem
But lightly to be wished and won;
We share to-morrow in a dream
And take our toil for work undone.
'For life is long, and time a stream
That sleeps and sparkles in the sun—
What need of any haste?' we say.
'To-morrow's longer than to-day.'

And when to-morrow shall destroy
The heaven of our dreams, in vain
Our hurrying manhood we employ
To build the vanished bliss again.
We have no leisure to enjoy.
'So few the years that yet remain.
Too much to do, and, ah!' we say,
'To-morrow's shorter than to-day.'

But when our hands are worn and weak,
And still our labors seem unbleat,
And time goes past us like a bleak
Last twilight waning to the west,
'It is not here—the bliss we seek;
Too brief is life for happy rest.
And yet what need of grief?' we say.
'To-morrow's longer than to-day.'

HIS SWEETHEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?" "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," "UNDER SUSPICION," "HER DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

IN a few moments however she somewhat recovered her self-possession, and turned to Captain Tennyson.

"I am innocent," she said, her eyes meeting his frankly, "so I shall not be afraid. But will you please go to Mr. Jones, who is staying at Beldale, and ask him to find the guilty person. He will be able to clear me."

The Captain looked at her doubtfully.

"I think I had better come with you to London first," he remarked.

But Maisie shook her head as she said

"No—tell Jack; that will help me most." Then she spoke to the sergeant. "If you will wait while I ask one of the maids to put a few things together for me, I will come with you at once."

* * * * * *

"No, sir—there's no Mr. Jones stopping 'ere, sir, not expected that I know of, sir!"

Captain Tennyson stared rather helplessly at the butler's solemn face.

"Mr. Gascoigne is 'ere, sir, and Mr. Armitage, and a Mr. Rivers 'as harrived to see Lord Monteval; but not a Mr. Jones, sir."

A tall broad-shouldered handsome man opened a door and came into the hall as the butler spoke. Observing the visitor, he paused just in time to hear the last few words of Baker's reply.

"But a lady——" persisted Fred.

In two strides Jack reached the door.

"Has Miss Mitchell asked you to come?" he interposed. "She only knows me as Jack Jones?"—at which queer admission the butler turned away to hide a smile.

"Anything wrong?"

"She has been arrested on a charge of murdering Sir Geoffrey Clifford," replied the captain, "and they have taken her to London."

Jack notwithstanding his tanned skin, turned very pale.

"My name is Monteval," he explained. "Lord Monteval—and I am much—er—interested in Miss Mitchell. Won't you come in?"

"My name is Tennyson," responded Fred. He had felt sure, from the moment that Maisie had sent that appeal for help to Mr. Jones, that in that personage he should find his rival. "I have a message for you," he added curtly, as he accepted the invitation.

Lord Monteval led the way to a small sitting-room.

"It was good of you to come," he said. "What was the message?"

"It was to tell you to find the guilty person, and then Miss Mitchell would be cleared."

"And she's gone to prison, which she so dreaded?" queried Lord Monteval. "By what train? The twelve o'clock?"

Captain Tennyson nodded.

"I offered to travel with her," he said, "but she would not let me, and preferred that I should come direct to you."

Lord Monteval looked closely at him for a moment, then extended his hand.

"You love her, too?" he observed; and Fred's face flushed crimson. "Let us work together to help her." Fortunately I have a private detective in the house.

"Yes—I love her," admitted the Captain, "but she has chosen the better man!"

He turned away before he added, "Shall we see the detective here?"

Whereupon Rivers was summoned; but the inquiry-officer showed no surprise at all upon hearing of the arrest.

"I knew they meant it," he said, referring to the police; "though how Banks got on her track so soon beats me. I'll report progress to-morrow, my lord, after the lady's been before the magistrate, if you'll meet me at the Belgravia. But meanwhile, if I might advise you, you'd listen to everything and say nothing. And, my lord"—here he looked the Viscount full in the face—"don't end your visit here. Good morning!" And the man was out of the house before Lord Monteval could ask a question.

At the Belgravia Hotel the day's business was progressing much as usual when Rivers arrived upon the scene. Two or three men lingered upon the steps talking; a few women lounged upon the soft chairs scattered about the hall, and Duval stood at the door of his office ready for such occupation as might come his way. It was to this functionary that the detective first addressed himself, and he proceeded straight to the point.

"I'm an inquiry agent," he explained to the Frenchman. "Come inside this box and hear what I have to say!" And, upon being obeyed, he added, "It's about that case of Sir Geoffrey Clifford."

"Of course! Nobody nevaire talks of nosing else now," answered the man. "Well, and what for you, saire?"

"This—you saw Sir Geoffrey Clifford bring three ladies down from the private sitting room on Tuesday night. Did they all leave the hotel?"

Rivers saw a quick gleam of intelligence cross the man's countenance, but the answer was uninteresting.

"Yes—all!"—"And you've not seen any of them since?"

Duval fixed his sharp little eyes upon the speaker's face.

"Who 'ave said so?" he responded. "One, she come back within one quartaire of an hour."

The detective brought his hands down with some force upon his knees, in token of satisfaction. To beat Banks upon his own ground, and in a cause celebre such as this, would indeed mean glory.

"Describe her," he said, which was the signal for unloosing the Frenchman's eloquence.

"Oh, these Engleesh girls! They are so beautiful—so beautiful! Mees who came and inquire for Sir Geoffrey—she were very lotely. Mess who ran back all out of breath and come into the place like a virlvind—she lotely too—mais pas si belle non!"

"Did she ask for any one?" inquired Rivers, as soon as the Frenchman's rapture was over.

"For Miladi Clifford. And when I say I would conduct her, she laugh. 'I knows the way,' she say—'I go alone'—and she go."

"Did you see her return?"

But there Duval was at fault. He had been called away for an hour just after the advent of the "virlvind," and had not subsequently seen her.

The detective however had now obtained information on which to work. He made for the manager's office, and the result of a short conversation between the two men became apparent.

All the servants who might by any chance have been occupied at the moment of the murder in any room which opened upon the corridor where the Clifford's private sitting room was situated were, one after another, summoned into their presence.

They had all been examined before, and each of them repeated a similar story—they had seen no lady enter Sir Geoffrey's room between half past five and six on the eventful day.

"I noticed Lady Clifford come out, though," one of the waiters observed. "She was singing a little, while she waited for the lift, and looked very bright and happy."

"Where did you go after you had passed her?" questioned Mr. Price.

"Down the back staircase, sir. I met the chambermaid, Doran, coming up."

"Oh! And what was she doing in that part of the house at that hour? She has never been mentioned before. Send her in."

A few minutes afterwards Mary Doran appeared upon the scene. She was tall and handsome, with Irish gray eyes and a strong Hibernian brogue.

"I was sint up to attind upon Lady Cardross, sir," she replied, in response to the first inquiry put to her. "Her own maid, shure, was out, and by the same token she hadn't nobody to button them boots av hers."

"You passed number seventeen, then, upon the way," remarked the manager.

"Did you notice any one going in or coming out?"

"Shure, an' I did," she replied. "It was just as I was near upon number twenty that a tall lady, with big eyes, flashed by me loike a streak of loight.

"I looked after her, becos she went so powerful fast, and it was sivinteen as she was after."

"You watched her enter?" inquired Rivers eagerly.

"And why shouldn't I, thin, seeing as I was on the spot? She opened the door and entered; then she shut the door behind her."

"And that was all you observed?" asked the manager, as she paused.

"Yes, sir—barrin' as the lady wore a green gownd, and had some little things like brown rats in her hat, and a pin all shinin' wi' jools in her hair."

"Why on earth this woman, and Duval too, have kept their information to themselves," remarked Rivers, as soon as Doran had vanished, "beats me! One would have thought they'd have had more sense!"

He had just time to catch a return train to Broxton, and it might be well to find out whether this tall dark woman who had once been escorted to the door by Sir Geoffrey, and who had come back in haste, with an apparent desire for another interview with his wife, had really been again admitted into Lady Clifford's presence.

If her ladyship had been with her maid from the time she went up in the lift until the moment when she ran down-stairs—there and then to discover her dead husband—certainly no one could have entered her presence without the knowledge of Antiette.

"I happened to see my lady step out of the litt," the maid declared, on being interrogated. "She was humming a song, and beckoned me to attend her. I was with 'er from that moment until she went away to look after Sir Geoffrey."

"And you were alone?"

"Oh, yes—the hentire time!" declaired Antiette, with emphasis." She'd had visitors, though, in the afternoon. Who they were I can't say however. I've honly entered 'er ladyship's service since 'er marriage. 'Er friends therefore are unknown to me."

This was baffling, for Rivers decided to know which of the three ladies who had called would answer to the slight description that had been afforded him.

He felt certain that the issue must rest between Lenore and Muriel Rowlands and their cousin, Mrs. Lisle, the fact of their visit having been mentioned at the inquest. But the detective himself had never seen one of them.

He went straight to Beldale, only to be met with the news that Lord Monteval had gone to London and would not return until the morrow; and that Captain Tennyson had accompanied him on his journey. Rivers was still standing upon the steps, questioning one of the servants, when he was favored by an unexpected sight.

The hours had passed quickly during his investigation. It was nearly eight o'clock, and Colonel Rowlands dined at that hour.

From the drawing-room there already came the sound of voices and laughter, for the house was filling, with a view to the approaching ball. Two or three men, in evening-dress, were standing about the hall smoking cigarettes, and they stared a little at the shabby-looking individual who was hindering the footman for such an unconscionable time. But their attention, as well as that of Rivers, was by-and-by attracted by the music of girlish chatter on the staircase.

"Who are the ladies?" whispered Rivers.

The man, having received from the butler a hint that this person was to be conciliated, answered more civilly than he might otherwise have done.

"Miss Rowlands, Miss Muriel, and Mrs. Lisle. The middle one is Mrs. Lisle."

Rivers gazed upon the trio with even more of professional interest than of admiration. Yes they were certainly handsome girls. Muriel, in her white gown, glittering with silver sequins, and with her very pale yellow hair piled high upon her head, looked quite fairy-like; Lenore, attired in pale pink, with her tip-tilted nose, red hair, and riante expression, was less lovely, but more attractive; but Daphne, dressed from head to foot in black—which sparkled with an embroidery of gold—with her flashing dark eyes and raven hair, was by far the most beautiful of the group—the most remarkable, too, as far as Rivers was concerned "so for a

Rivers stared hard at the wild returning moment, but she, occupied in ons of her gay replies to the observations at the cousin George, who was lookin see this unfoot of the staircase, did n known spectator, and the detective had vanished before the closing of the door aroused her curiosity.

* * * * * * *

Bow Street was crowded when, the following day, Maisie Mitchell, a nurse in the employ of Ross, Lady Clifford, was brought up before the magistrate upon the charge of "stabbing and slaying" her ladyship's only son.

The girl looked pale and frightened, the natural result of the hours which she had spent in confinement. Well aware as she was of her own innocence, she was conscious that the circumstantial evidence against her was of the strongest; even the solicitor who had been retained to defend her admitted as much.

From that gentleman Maisie had learned her lover's true rank, but the discovery had not tended to soothe her. So important a personage as an English viscount ought not to be allowed to marry an insignificant creature who had once upon a time believed herself to be Mrs. Bolton but who had never really been married. She was so convinced of this, that she had even sent to his lordship a message by Mr. Wells, the solicitor, begging him not to come and see her.

But, though he so far obeyed her, he was not to be kept from attending the police-court. As Maisie was conducted into the dock in the care of the jailer, she met her lover's eyes, and his encouraging smile made her hopeful for the remainder of the day.

The evidence given was purely formal, a remand being asked for by the police, and the whole proceedings came to an end in about half an hour. Just as the pretty prisoner was about to be removed, a man in the body of the court rose and spoke. He was dressed as a clergyman, and, when Maisie heard his voice, she turned towards him with a start.

"I don't know whether I may be permitted to make a statement," said the interruptor. "I'm lately from the Cape, and English ways seem strange. But the prisoner gave her name as Mitchell. I can swear that I married her about a year and a half ago to a man called Bill Bolton, a gold-digger, in South Africa."

In her utter astonishment, Maisie herself answered him.

"But he said you were not a clergyman," she exclaimed, "and that therefore I was not really his wife!"

She was at once silenced. The magistrate said that the matter should be inquired into, and the witness' evidence taken the following week. Whereupon the man subsided; but ten minutes later he might have been seen deep in conversation with Lord Monteval and Mr. Wells.

The Viscount made no further effort for the moment to gain an interview with Maisie. It seemed to him better to win her freedom at once than to insist on a conversation which she had, for some reason best known to herself, denied him, therefore he busied himself in matters which should result in her speedy liberation.

That it would be no difficult matter to restore her to freedom seemed clear to the sanguine lover when he and Captain Tennyson by-and-by heard all the news which Rivers had to communicate. It was the detective himself who doubted as to whether the fresh information was sufficiently decisive to convict Daphne and acquit Maisie.

"You see, my lord, because a young woman goes into a room and speaks to a man there, that isn't to say that she kills him," he shrewdly observed. "Say that she saw Sir Geoffrey, and that he said his wife was dressing, what would Mrs. Lisle do? Why, go away again and leave the coast clear for the other girl—leastways, that's what she might have done."

"But she didn't, though," remarked the Captain.

"Anyway, her visit must have been of the shortest, for there is no question that she caught the six-o'clock train," supplemented Lord Monteval. "I hear the girls speaking of it yesterday, and I thought Mrs. Lisle looked rather disturbed at the matter being mentioned."

Rivers laughed, and said—

"She must 'ave been a cool card though—always supposing her to be guilty. Now the thing is to see if we can find out anything more about her movements during those few minutes. If your are staying in the house, my lord, and ought to have a good chance."

Lord Monteval colored uncasily.

"I don't intend to play the spy," he remarked—"that is a little beyond what I can do! I shall go back to Beldale."

Captain Tennyson looked sympathetic, but Rivers evidently disagreed with him, and in the end his arguments prevailed.

"There need be no spying, my lord," he urged. "Only, if you can pick up infor-

mation, remember it may save the prisoner. There was some talk at one time, wasn't there, of a match between Sir Geoffrey and Mrs. Lisle?"

The Captain nodded and smiled.

"All the county was betting on it," he replied. "You think that that might have a bearing on this last shindy?"

During the return railway journey Lord Monteval and Fred discussed the affair. What to do next was the matter which exercised both men, but neither guessed how little action upon the part of anybody would be needed to precipitate events already drawing to a crisis.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN TENNYSON had accepted an invitation to dinner at Deldale for that night.

"And jolly glad I am," remarked the Viscount, "that you'll be there to support me. How am I to meet that woman with civility, keep my tongue silent about Maisie, and generally play the giddy goat as though nothing was amiss, I don't know! I wasn't made that way."

Of that he gave abundant evidence an hour or two later, by the manner in which he offered his arm to Mrs. Lisle, when the hostess requested him to conduct that lady to the dining room.

Daphne was that night looking her loveliest. She was wearing a flame-colored gown of chiffon, fresh from the hands of a Bond street milliner.

Round her neck was a line of large rubies, whilst a tiny star of similar rich stones shone upon her forehead, just where her dark hair was parted.

But Lord Monteval, seated at her side, had no eyes for her beauty, and to him it seemed as though her scarlet garments were dyed with her victim's blood.

"I should think you've had a fatiguing day in London," she remarked demurely.

"Really? Why?" Even to himself his voice sounded hoarse and hard.

"Because you've not spoken one word since we sat down. Now I want to be amused, for we've talked funreals ever since my uncle came back from attending Sir Geoffrey's. Tell me about the girl—that Miss Mitchell—who was before the magistrates this morning. I'm sure that you and Captain Tennyson were there to support her."

Daphne rattled off the words in the gayest style, yet beneath the elaborately careless manner Lord Monteval fancied that he could detect some anxiety, and a sudden impulse moved him to see whether he could not break down her calm.

"Oh she was all right!" he replied, toying with the stem of a wine-glass. "Of course nobody believes that she did it, so why should she disturb herself?"

Mrs. Lisle swiftly glanced at him, while the red spots upon her cheeks seemed to stand out vividly against her white skin. A woman would have divined at once that she was painted, and had turned pale beneath the rouge, but that was beyond his lordship's ken.

"You mean that you and Captain Tennyson don't believe in her guilt?" she queried.

"Oh, no! Our opinion would be worth very little. It was from a detective I had my information. He told me that there was another clue."

It was inexcusably rash of him. He realized that himself as he noted her trembling hands.

But Daphne was not the woman to be easily trapped into a self-betrayal. Almost before Lord Monteval had convinced himself of her terror all signs of it had disappeared.

"What have they discovered?" she inquired.

His lordship shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask me another. Possibly the weapon."

"Oh, Daphne, before I forget it," said Lenore, who was siting at the other side of the Viscount—"will you lend me your Egyptian dagger to wear in my hair at the ball? Those rubies and sapphires in the hilt would go well with my dress."

Mrs. Lisle started, and her lips turned green pale.

"I can't! I—I've lost it!" she stammered. "Besides—it's so heavy—it always falls down my hair."

"Mine shall be done up safely," Lenore assured her, with one of her ringing laughs. "You can't have lost it, for you wore it in town on Tuesday. Don't you remember? Why, Daphne——"

Lord Monteval pushed back his chair and was just in time to save Mrs. Lisle from falling to the floor. The guests were in a state of confusion in a moment, for the beautiful widow had closed the conversation with her cousin by fainting away.

"I never knew her do such a thing before!" exclaimed Lenore, as the Viscount carried Mrs. Lisle from the hot dining-room into a sitting-room near at hand. "She hasn't seemed well for several days. I wonder what's wrong with her?"

Late that night, after all the outdoor guests had taken their departure, and when nearly every person within the house was already in bed and asleep, Viscount Monteval found his way out through a side door into the garden.

The night was intensely cold and bleak, but it had become impossible to him to stay any longer within the walls of his room with the thoughts and anxieties that oppressed him. He had come out to find comfort in the charms of the fresh air and a pipe.

With all his soul he hated the position in which he found himself. To clear Maisie's name was one thing, to hound to destruction another woman was quite another.

The moon was shining brightly, and the stars were gleaming in the frosty sky. He himself, as he smoked a well-colored meerschaum, was wandering up and down a strip of grass where the shadow of some yew-trees fell thickly. In front of him was the lawn, which sloped away towards a partly-frozen lake that gleamed in the silvery moonlight. The ice upon it was very thin, and, except at the extreme edge, was little more than a brittle glazing.

The scene altogether was one of peaceful beauty, and gradually it seemed to calm him. His thoughts recurred to Maisie, and to the future which they would surely spend together. He remembered with delight the news which the stranger cleric had that day imparted in court to the solicitor and himself.

"They were married, safe enough," the stranger had said. "I am an ordained priest, and you can obtain proofs of the marriage at any time. The man simply denied her claims upon him in order to get rid of her."

Already, as the Viscount knew, a cablegram of inquiries regarding those same proofs had been despatched to the Cape, and Maisie's reputation would be cleared in every detail before a week had passed.

"The world would have blamed her because she was friendless and had trusted a scoundrel. It will only pity Mrs. Childers' daughter," he thought.

The ruminations in which he was indulging were shattered by a strange reality, for suddenly he became aware that some one was walking noiselessly across the lawn, making straight for the lake.

It was a woman's form, draped in a long fur-lined cloak, beneath which the edge of a softly-trailing gown was visible.

"Mrs. Lisle!" exclaimed the Viscount, under his breath. "What can she be up to?"

He had not long to wait in ignorance, for Daphne had reached the edge of the frozen water by this time. She tossed back her cloak then, and raised her hand, as if to throw. The appearance of the lake however seemed to startle her, and her hand fell.

Then, with the toe of her dainty shoe, she tried the strength of the ice at the edge, which cracked beneath the pressure. Standing with one foot upon the ground, she endeavored, with all her force, to make a hole in the brittle surface with the heel of the other shoe.

Silently and swiftly Lord Montrval rushed across the grass and placed himself behind her—so close, indeed, that he could hear the sigh of relief which she gave as the ice at last yielded, and, through a jagged hole, the dark water below became visible.

Once more she stretched out her hand, in which some bright slender object was clasped, and his lordship's heart beat heavily as he saw its shape. This could be the weapon which the doctor had described as that with which Sir Geoffrey's death-wound had been inflicted.

In another moment Daphne would have dropped it into the lake, the dark depths of which filled a disused quarry of vast extent, and the evidence of her crime would have been lost for ever.

But at that instant Maisie's lover seized Mrs. Lisle's hand; but as to what happened during the next few seconds Lord Monteval was never quite certain. There remained with him afterwards a memory of a wild yet subdued shriek, of a tussle for the dagger which its possessor clutched so firmly, of a white terrified face, and of a quick gasping breath. Then the struggle was over, and he stood with the weapon in his hand which Daphne had so vainly endeavored to dispose of.

For a few moments he and the desparate woman remained silently facing each other. Then she fell upon her knees, gripping the corner of his overcoat, in a passion of entreaty.

"Lord Monteval, spare me!" she implored, with her convulsed face upturned towards him, each agonised feature made visible by the clear moonbeams. "I saw to-night that you suspected me. Now I suppose you have me in your power. But, if you knew all, you would be merciful!"

He felt stunned with perplexity. How could he be merciful when Maisie's liberty, perhaps her life, depended on justice, not mercy?

"I'll tell you!" she continued, speaking rapidly and with intense excitement. "You can't think worse of me than you do now. Besides, what is there to be ashamed of in having loved a villain, and having been deceived? Lord Monteval, he drew me on, until my very soul was absorbed in him. I used to think of him always, and sometimes, when he was away from me, I wrote and told him how I loved him!"

Tears had gathered in her eyes and were rolling down her white cheeks. As she paused, Lord Monteval said—

"Get up—you'll take cold, kneeling on this frozen grass!"

But she shook her head.

"Not until I have your promise not to betray me," she continued. "I could not bear to have the whole world—to have—George—looking upon me as some murderous beast, only fit for the gallows! And why? Because of Geoffrey.

"It was his fault, I tell you—all, all—even his own horrible death. For somehow he had found out that I was beginning to care for George, and, instead of being glad that I was comforted at last, when I asked him to return my letters—oh, I'd begged to have them before, but this was at the hotel on Tuesday!—he laughed at me, and threatened to send them to my cousin. I went mad then!"

She did not know that some one else was standing just behind her, listening to every word—one who has been drawn from the house by her shriek, and Lord Monteval did not tell her. He was glad of George's knowledge and presence, for it would lessen his own responsibility.

"It was when we were going to the station that the idea occurred to me to go back once more and make a final entreaty. I had a vague notion of getting Daisy to side with me. So I ran as fast as I could, and went into the room where she had been before. Sir Geoffrey was there alone, with his back towards the door; and, even when I spoke, he did not turn his head. He loved to insult me by such little rudenesses."

George Rowlands and Lord Monteval exchanged glances over her head. This tale, told by those impassioned lips, carried with it a conviction of its truth.

"I said, 'Geoffrey, I beseech you to give me those letters!' And he laughed out loud. 'I won't!' he told me again. 'George shall have them to-morrow!' And then the devil reminded me of the dagger that I had run through my hair. I thought that a dead man could never do me harm, and—well, you know the rest. My wrist is strong, and I struck hard!"

The Viscount looked curiously at the death-dealing toy in his hand. So small and pretty a thing to have been employed in such fearful work!

Altogether it was about eight inches long; the sheath was made of pure burnished gold, and the dagger itself, which he drew out, was of the most finely-tempered steel, the hilt encrusted with jewels.

The whole could not have weighed more than a few ounces, and no one, seeing it in a woman's hair, would have taken it for other than a useless ornament, so slender and delicate was its workmanship. Yet it had taken a man's life. There, upon the darkened blade, were still the awful stains.

"Give it back to me," she entreated—"and preserve my secret! You are a gentleman, not a detective, Lord Monteval! Show some kindness to an unhappy wretch! Don't let any one know!"

"But what about Miss Mitchell?" a voice close to her side queried,

At the unexpected sound, Daphne Lisle sprang to her feet, with a blood-curdling shriek.

"You here!" she queried. "You—and you've listened to it all? Oh, is there no escape for me?"

The distraught woman held up her slender arms—from which the heavy cloak fell away as she moved—towards the sky, as if, in her extremity, appealing to Heaven. Then she broke into a wild peal of laughter.

"Follow me if you dare!" she exclaimed, springing forward upon the ice. "You dare not!"

The men endeavored to pursue her; but, at that moment, the thin treacherous covering of ice quivered and cracked, scarcely allowing time to Lord Monteval and George to spring backwards to the bank. But Daphne made no effort to do so.

The water closed over her head; and though, to the great peril of his life, the Viscount plunged into the icy pool, he however failed to find any trace of the poor misguided creature.

* * * * * *

Just one month later, Maisie, Lady Clifford, stood side by side with John, Viscount Monteval, listening to the words of the priest, as he pronounced them man and wife.

The wedding was of the quietest description, but surely greater affection never existed in the hearts of any bridegroom or bride than in theirs.

"My own—my own sweet Maisie for ever!" he whispered, after the manner of newly-created husbands, as they drove away together from the church door. "At last!"

"I'm sure you haven't waited long," she replied. "Since it has been proved that I was legally married to——"

"Don't mention him!" interrupted the bridegroom. "I declare I'm jealous of him even now! And, if you had kept me waiting because of him, Maisie, I believe I'd have had a duel with his ghost!"

Lady Monteval nestled closer to her husband's side

"We've had a dreadful past, Jack," she declared; "still, the present makes amends for all."

"Amen!" he ejaculated, kissing her tenderly.

"Then let us live in it and forget what has gone before," her ladyship said—"shall we?—except a few things, of course!"

"Such as ——" And the Viscount paused.

"The sweetnesses," she answered, smiling at her lord and master. "Our first meeting in Africa, for instance,"

"Our first kiss in a muddy road," he said tormentingly.

"And the day that you told me that my name was cleared and I was free—the day when"—she hesitated—"I was able once more to respect myself, though I did happen to be in prison at the time."

The arm that was about her slim waist tightened its pressure.

"And what of the sweetest moment of all?" he inquired, as he touched her lips with his own, and looked into the dark gray eyes that fell before "Jack's" passionate gaze.

Lady Monteval raised her arched eyebrows, though she did not glance up.

"Haven't I mentioned it yet?" she asked, with pretty coquetry. "If not, you'd better remind me. Which has been the sweetest of all?"

"That which gave me sweet Maisie," he answered her tenderly."

[THE END.]

IN DEADLY PERIL.—The thrilling story of a cyclist's hair-breadth escape has been recently told in a letter to a local paper.

The adventure occurred late at night in one of the beautiful roads that abound in the country.

According to the victim's own statement, when a dark part of the road was reached, a man suddenly dashed at him from the cover of one of the fences.

Fortunately the ruffian missed his aim. Though for a hundred yards or so he held the terrified wheeler in chase, he dropped away beaten when the bottom of the hill was reached.

The unknown assailant, declared the cyclist in his letter, must have meant mischief, "otherwise he would not have run after me."

So serious an attempt at highway violence could not be overlooked by the police. Investigations were made, with the result that the alarms of the district have been happily allayed.

The highwayman, whose appearance was described as "far from pleasant," proves to be a small boy who had been visiting a relative in the district.

Nervous and afraid of going home in the dark, he had sought the company of the first human being he found on the road—our friend the cyclist.

The latter has heard so many thrilling tales of highwaymen and bloodthirsty small boys lately as will last him for some time to come.

EYES AND NO EYES.—"The one great secret of successful conjuring is very simple," says a famous wizard. "It consists merely of doing things when people are not looking at you.

"You'll probably call that absurd, but it is really the case. All one has to do is to make the audience look in one direction while the deception is being worked in another, and that is easy enough.

"I needn't even speak a word. I have merely to look fixedly at a certain thing. The eyes of the spectators invariably follow mine, and during the ten or fifteen seconds they are thus occupied I can do what I want to make the trick a success.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

BY J. M.

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But O! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

The Fate of the Letter.

BY D. S. L.

AT the instigation of her cousin, Mrs. Follet, Kathleen dispatched this letter, which was never answered.

If I could write poems, I would write one to the postman, that strange stoic, the arbiter of our fate!

How dense and callous does he show to the dramas that are slung across his rheumatic shoulders! With what stolidity he hands in two mining circulars which should have been a letter from the only man in the world! He does not understand that one is preparing to murder him as he mounts his tricycle and glides away.

The telegraph boy represents the final shriek of sensationalism; dealing death and elopements, shipwreck and bankruptcy, in the intervals between his games of marbles. But the postman is Cupid's messenger, with a bag full of darts.

"I want to know where you have been spending the last three weeks," said Mrs. Follet to her cousin on the first day of her visit, "and why you have fallen in love without telling me anything about it."

"I was going to tell you, Ursula."

"Of course. You have quarrelled, and I am to make it up."

"Oh, it isn't a quarrel."

"I am to make it up, whatever it is."

"There is nothing to make up, nobody can make it up; it is over!"

"We shall see. That will do for the present. Please to proceed with a statement of facts."

"Very well then, my dear. To begin with. You know what a mania I've been having for tapestry?"

"I do."

"I was getting tired of London, and I saw mamma and my sister were determined to hang there as long as there was a cup of tea to be had in the town. So one very hot day I took a train into the country, thinking I could sketch some tapestry backgrounds. I went down into Surrey to have a look at your old home. Well, when I got to Bridge End, you know——"

"I know. 'All tickets ready.'"

"Yes. I got out, because I saw a river. It was one of those days, coming fresh out of London, when every hayfield seems like the Garden of Eden.

"And I walked till I found myself in front of the mill, a mill sunk below the level of the road, great trees covering it with shadow.

"On the other side of the stream were private grounds; the stream made a moat, nasturtiums hung over the water and were reflected in it, and climbed on the stone bridge. I never saw anything so sweet!

"So I followed the stream, and it led past the house, a large red house, with a very old terrace in front; and a sundial, and a fountain, and round the basin of the fountain were orange nasturtiums again, reflected in the water.

"I made up my mind I must stay at this village for a day or two and smear. So, after I had wasted the afternoon, I went to the village shop for tea. I talked to the woman who kept this shop, and asked her the name of the Mill House. She said it was 'Bristows.'

"I knew the Bristows must be persons of family, or else she would have given them a prefix! They weren't much liked in these parts, she said; they kept themselves to themselves—with an emphasis on the 'to;' and since the young man had succeeded to the land, he had dismissed Mr. Robinson, the bailiff, and farmed it himself. She didn't belong to the parts, she said. She came from London, from the Edgeware Road, and she wished she was back again.

"So while I was praising the house, and saying how I wished she could find me some lodgings, two girls came in with a large order for sixpennyworth of stamps, and the old lady swelled herself out, and looked at me; and these were the Bristows!

"After they had walked a few yards from the shop, they came back again, and said that they thought they could find me some lodgings.

"With a good deal of apology, these girls got out that their means were straitened (as though I did not understand that everybody's means are straitened nowadays, unless, like us, they take to pickles!), and would I like to lodge with them?

"So I did! I went home to London that night, and mamma wrote them a letter, and consigned me to their care. I must have been a fortune to them! I don't believe I ate more than ten shillings a week, so the rest was clear profit; they can get some new hats!"

"We haven't come to the man yet," observed Ursula.

"Very well," resumed Kathleen, with some perturbation. "Oh dear! He was their brother. He was very handsome. He has a fair sanguine complexion that turns red when it is sunburnt, and a spine like a telegraph pole. He walks as if half the world belonged to him.

"The first time I saw him he was under a loaded cart, picking up mangel-wurzels. There were several laborers there, but I recognized him under the cart, and prepared to shake hands when he came up again; he looked just what he is, a public school man, in his shirt sleeves. He had on a blue shirt, the color of his eyes; they suit him, the blue ones," and she sighed.

"Very well, dear, go on," interposed Ursula. "You'll see them again, the blue shirts."

"Never!" replied Kate. "And he came and shook hands, and his hands were quite clean though he had been handling wurzels. I don't know how he managed it.

"He always looked as if he had just come out of a bath, and put a clean shirt on. The girls have abandoned their appearance in despair, and got into Noble costumes at ten and six, but he always looked well dressed. I suppose it is the influence of Eton."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Ursula. "To begin at Eton, and end under a cart of mangel-wurzels!"

"And a man with brains!" resumed Kathleen, eagerly. "It isn't as if he were a fool. He passed high on the lists at Sandhurst, and was to have had a choice of regiments."

"And how in the name of fortune did he come to this?"

"A trustee to begin with. This trustee lived on the capital, and allowed Mrs. Bristow a load of money, which made her think him a fine man of business.

"When Frank became twenty-one, the property was found to be a mass of mortgage. So he has to farm his own land. Need I say more? Or would you like some facts on agriculture?"

"I would rather hear how he made love. I want to get to Act II."

"How? Oh, well, it was very simple. I used to go out in the evening to breathe the hay, and he went round the cowsheds. So one night he asked me to join him, or rather ordered me (he never asks, the imperative mood is the only one he knows). We sat down by the mill stream. And he kissed my hand. Then he caught me in his arms and held me till I thought I should suffocate."

"I see. That was simple and straightforward. And was this your first intimation?"

"Well; we had talked at the dinner table, and looked."

"Yes?"

"After this we fed the cows every evening; and as soon as we got out of sight of the house——"

"Strangulation ensued?"

"Exactly. He isn't at all sentimental. He never even called me 'Kathleen Mavorneen.' He's the first of my lovers who hasn't."

"What attitude did the sisters take up on the subject?"

"Technically, they were supposed to know nothing about it. That was the etiquette we observed, when I was admitted to domestic confidences, which always comprised a certain amount of grumbling against Frank."

"I suppose there were some healthy family squabbles?"

"As there always will be, my dear Ursula, when people have to live on the edge of the income, especially refined people, with a good deal of independence and spirit.

"Besides, their lives circle round what, to us, are insignificant trifles. This was my first sample of their conversation, the night I arrived: 'Mamma, did you have a rag and bone man call while I was at the station?' 'No,' eagerly, 'but we had an old woman to sell buttons!'

"I had not realized till then how useless education and taste become, unless you've got the money to back them. What a life they led! Not a book in the house! And the piano! All its teeth dropping out; a dumb spinnet, truly! And the woebegone, Noah's Ark furniture! And, my dear, if you could see the food they eat! It made my heart ache to see that poor boy sit down, with his face a yard long, to his cold meat supper.

"Men do like good things to eat! And it is an innocent taste, and one so easily gratified. If I were those girls—but there, I may as well admit, that while I was at the Mill House I developed the cooking mania, badly. Let me describe you one of their suppers.

"At first, I used to dine in a great empty library, alone. But when we got intimate they let me see the nakedness of the land. I never let on we were rich, for fear I should scare them.

"So think of this, at eight o'clock, for a man that works twelve hours a day (he goes to bed at nine, worn out). Herrings. Bread and butter (thoroughly bad English country butter, you know). Cheese, American cheese; a chilly looking blancmange, and jam. I used to gather mushrooms, and make kedjeree and curry, and omelettes and cauliflowers au gratin; they all cost nothing."

"Except hours of trouble. But that counts for naught while the mania is upon you."

"Quite so. And didn't Frank help himself! I took care the dishes were near him."

"And he thought you an angel, and the girls, fiends?"

"Now, Ursula, you know I'm not a sneak. When he grizzled about his sisters I used to say, 'My dear, they'd do as much themselves for somebody else's brother. They are tired to death of this life, and want to get away; while I have come down here for three weeks on the spree,—that makes the difference.'

"Can't you understand, Ursula, how that sort of life makes people snappy and irritable? They are nice looking girls (not so handsome as he is; though, bless his heart, he doesn't know it); but of course, they'll never be married.

"They have no society—how can they associate with the rich tradespeople who have bought all the estates round about, and entertain them at their herring supper.

"So they squabble, and if the hens stop laying, he says it's because the girls don't save the scraps, and they say they do save the scraps, and that he does not give them enough corn; and he says he wishes they'd attend to their share of the work, instead of instructing him to run chickens at a loss.

"He's not a model of patience. Poor boy, if he goes to heaven, it will be on the strength of hard manual labor. Do you know what farming means?—if one cow eats one piece of garlic, the whole of the butter tastes of it for three days.

"The year cherries are dear, his crop fails; the years they are plentiful, they don't pay for the picking. He was telling me about his pigs.

"He had eighty fine ones, ready for market. He took a few more to fatten, and these had swine disease. He had to kill the whole eighty, to satisfy the sanitary inspector."

"But when he marries you, all this won't matter?"

"Of course not. I used to think of that. When he was telling me his plans (he's wrapped up in his pigs and his cows), I used to think, 'We'll build a model dairy, we'll lay down irrigation works.' I planned out the stables; a hunter for me, and a hunter for him.

"He loves hunting: but he can't do it on a cart horse, poor darling! And when the girls were disputing about a penny or half-penny a yard on some cretonne, I thought, 'Wait till we have the house redecorated by Shoolbred from top to toe!'"

"And how did you manage to muddle all this, when it was getting in train so nicely?"

"Well, I stayed a week, and then two more: and last night, when we said goodbye at the mill stream——"

"Very well. I must have this conversation exact, because it is important. It is no earthly use hedging. I must know where you floundered before I can bring my professional skill to bear. Word for word, if you please."

"He said, 'Are you really going to-morrow?' So I said, 'I must.' So he said, 'Oh Lord!' So I said, 'What are you thinking of, Frank?' So he said, 'I'm thinking what a pity we've lost five days at the beginning.' Because, you see, the first few days we——"

"There was no strangulation. I understand. Go on."

"So I said, 'You'll soon find another girl.' So he said, 'That's so likely, isn't it!' Then I said, feeling my way, 'If some girl with plenty of money were fond of you, and you of her, you would marry her, wouldn't you?'

"'No, I'm not such a skunk,' he said, in his bruaque way, just like when he's worrying his sisters. 'A man ought to earn the money, and not sponge on his wife.' I knew, I felt certain, that he guessed I was speaking for myself! You can imagine my feelings. I could have thrown myself into the mill stream."

"What did you do?"

"I don't know," replied Kathleen, evasively. "I think I showed I was a good deal cut up."

"Well?"

"He looked ashamed, and said, in his rather harsh way, which he always puts on to hide his feelings, 'Go home and forget all about me, that's the best thing you can do.'

"He picked me up and kissed me, and then he went and fed the cows. You can understand how I feel after a humiliation like that, and that it isn't any use your arguing with me."

"I won't argue with you," replied Ursula. "I won't touch the wound till the inflammation has subsided; but I'll think things over."

* * * * * *

"I have given your case consideration," began Ursula, next evening. "I may tell you that I'm sure, from what you have said, that he never intended his outburst against matrimony for you.

"You say you were careful not to admit that you had money, and you never alluded to pickles. Very well. If a man is fond of a woman, he wants to marry her, whether she has money or whether she has not—particularly if she has; unless he is the hero of a novel of high life, written by the nursery governess.

"What made him angry was your suggestion that he should should marry some girl who was rich, in preference to yourself, whom he believed to be poor.

"Now you know, Kathleen, an offer of marriage is always supposed to come from the person who has most to confer, and who, being rich, can afford to be magnanimous, and lay his all at the beloved one's feet.

"That is the real reason why the right to propose is vested in the man, though chivalrous people have tried to give a different explanation of the custom. In France, where wives bring dowries, and are nearer to a worldly equality with the men, a proposal often originates in the father of the girl.

"It could not here in England, where girls contribute nothing substantial, and receive much. A reigning Queen must make the offer of marriage. Viewing the disparity in the circumstances between Frank and you, it can only come about in the same way. Now will you go back to Bridge end?"

"Quite impossible. I couldn't act the part you want me to, after that rebuff; I should only make a mess of it."

"Then we give that up. You write."

"It's out of the question."

"It must be done at once. There is a painful operation to go through. Put yourself in my hands, as if I were the dentist. I have sketched out the headings of the letter, and here they are."

"I can't write to him, Ursula."

"Have you not got a photograph of him anywhere?"

"Yes."

"Bring it down and look at it until you have worked yourself into a proper state of mind. Now, Kathleen, don't make a fuss, my dear. Don't think too much about it, but just dash it off.

"Have you got writing paper and a pen, and envelopes? Actually, she's provided

with everything that's requisite! the skies will fall! Oh! I know you haven't got a stamp. Take this one. I'll call for that letter in an hour, and post it myself. That is allowing you time to tear up several copies.

"But keep to the main draft of what is written there, and don't soften it till it becomes unintelligible, will you, but be a dear, sensible girl. You have got to convey to him, in some way, that your father, though an Irishman, by some miracle contrived to make money—but it's all written down."

This was the letter that received no answer.

* * * * * *

Kathleen never reproached her cousin for the part she had taken. "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," leaving us nought but grief and pain for promised joy.

She tried to despise Frank Bristow for his intolerant pride, which would not allow him to be indebted for his happiness to a woman towards whom accident had placed him at a disadvantage.

She tried very hard to despise him, to shut the door of her memory on this humiliating episode of her life. She tried to fan up some degree of interest for any of the other bachelors of her acquaintance, and, failing signally in this, she found herself attracting an unusual amount of attention.

Perhaps her nonchalance piqued them, and gave them the impression that she was a person greatly sought after; men being, for the most part, slaves of fashion in matters relating to the sex. She could not, however, persuade herself to like anyone else, or to desire anything but the inaccessible.

Would not this have been expecting too much of the human heart? She could not even despise Frank; but she felt revengeful towards him. She was glad to read in the newspapers that the hay crop had been a disastrous failure in Surrey, and that farmers were getting rid of their cattle at a heavy loss.

"Next year would be a time of severe agricultural depression"—well, she didn't mind. She thought they would probably give up eating herrings for supper, and have only cheese. She was so pleased about it that she sometimes cried.

The next catastrophe of importance that took place near Bridge End was a flood. She felt glad. Frank was probably using blasphemous language, and hauling cows through the roof of the shed.

It would keep him warm in the winter months. At one time she was on the very point of posting an anonymous banknote to the girls, when she realized that it would be a backhanded present to Frank, and refrained.

She was too mercurial to remain long in despair. The spring revived her spirits and hope; she told herself she had forgotten Frank, she did not care if he married the farm girl, which, however, he was far too selfish and proud to do.

She had taken up a new mania (tapestry and cooking, from their associations, having grown hateful to her), a mania for window gardening.

She had joined the Kyrie Society; she distributed geranium cuttings to the poor of Seven Dials. This greatly revived her interest in life.

She had bought a quantity of new clothes at the winter sales, and was going down into Northamptonshire, determined to enjoy herself, when the news that Mrs. Follet intended to visit her parents' home in Surrey threw her once more into a postal fever.

She begged her cousin on no account to write her a line so long as she was near Bridge End, as the name of the place had become hateful to her, and she wished never to hear it again for the rest of her life.

After saying this, she naturally went down to meet the postman at the gate every morning, rain or shine, an effort which was soon rewarded by a letter from Ursula, dated with the forbidden postmark.

MY DEAR KATHLEEN,

What an Irishwoman you are! How I have been laughing at you these last few hours!

I was rather curious to see your beautiful mill stream and the blue shirt, so, begging you a thousand pardons, this afternoon I rode over to Bridge End. There, sure enough, was the Mill House, bridge and all—very like most other country houses (but I know your geese are always swans). I will allow it may be more thrilling in the summer when there are three pennyworth of nasturtiums round the cracked fountain.

There, inside the farm premises, was a cart full of—I won't swear it was mangels, and a person with a back like a telegraph post, and wearing I am sure the same blue shirt—his Serene Highness the Squire of Bridge End.

Foreseeing no danger, I drew up at the gate and watched. Our friend the telegraph post stared me straight in the face with a way he has—I could not help recognizing the manner of him as per invoice; and I supposed I showed it, for he, too, showed recognition, and he took off his hat and stalked up to me.

"I am sure I know you," he said; "you are cousin to a friend of ours—you are Ursula. I have seen your photograph."

"My name is Ursula," I said; "but I have to get home to dinner, so I'm afraid I can't wait at the present moment."

"Oh, I won't detain you," said he, not snubbed in the slightest degree. "I only want to ask you your cousin's address. She was kind enough to write to me a long time ago, but she never put any address on the top of her letter. You know how careless she is," he said, patronizingly; "when she goes out sketching she has to run back three times for her things. She wants some one always looking after her—a maid—or a husband," he said, with an impudent twinkle in his eye.

"I knew she had no fixed address, and that she and her mother were wandering. So I wrote to her at the town which was on the postmark of her letter, and I got the confounded thing back again. Then I took a train to the town, but nobody there could tell me.

"I knew she was somewhere near by at her cousin Ursula's, and I even went so far as to stop a fellow who was going out hunting and ask him."

"If you'd only ask for Ursula, he would have told you."

"I wish I had. Then I called at the hotel in London, and they knew nothing."

"And you couldn't find the silly girl; that was trying," I said.

"Yes, it hit me rather hard," he replied, and looked me very straight in the face.

"And you've had floods here?" I said.

"Yes, we've had floods. Is she married?"

I felt half inclined to tease him and say "Yes;" but, to tell the truth, I was afraid of the commanding blue eye that matches the shirt.

Then he darted away to heave the cart out of a rut, and said when he came back, in a familiar way as if he were my cousin-in-law already; "The driver's an ass!" Then he pulled a pencil and paper out of his pocket for me to write your address.

He'll be in Northamptonshire by the time you get this letter, or perhaps it will arrive a few minutes before, just in time to give you warning to put on some of those new clothes you bought at the sales.

I always knew you would make a muddle of that letter if I didn't guide the pen. Ah, my dear, there's some discipline in store for you when you become Mrs. Bristow; I see it; and it will do you so much good!

Yours,

URSULA.

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY.

The newspapers recently recorded the death of a lady who for many years effectually hid herself from her fellow-creatures, living in the strictest seclusion, and rising at about the hour when most people go to bed.

Although this unnatural mode of life would seem to possess few attractions, it is of set purpose adopted by more eccentrics than most folk would credit.

Numbers of misanthropists, "freaks," and others, turn night into day and day into night, though you rarely hear of one unless he or she is found dead.

A lady whom the writer knew never once saw the sun for years. She was separated from her husband, a clergyman, who made her a liberal allowance.

With her income, indeed, she might have lived very comfortably. But she deliberately shut herself off from the world, even going so far as to have the windows of the two rooms she occupied shuttered so that hardly any light could penetrate them.

Twelve out of every twenty four hours spent in bed, rising about 6 p. m. and retiring about 6 a. m., and she never took any exercise or saw anybody except her servant.

If her nocturnal habits did not kill her, they doubtless hastened her end. She died young, having refused until the last day of her illness to see a doctor.

In the same town in which this recluse dragged out a wretched existence, there stood, and still stands, a row of empty houses. When these tenements were all occupied, the owner had a dispute with the local governing body about the payment of rates.

In pursuance of that foolish policy known as "cutting off one's nose to spite one's face," he gave all his tenants notice to leave, and soon after the property began to go to rack and ruin.

After the expiration of about a year, the landlord added to his reputation as a "crank" by taking up his residence in the upper portion of a house in the middle of the row. Thenceforward he was never known to be out of doors in the daytime.

The local policemen often saw him rambling about at night, and from dusk to dawn a light could be seen burning in his garret window; but while the world was awake he was presumably asleep.

How the man obtained his food and other supplies was a theme on which the gossips were never tired speculating.

Either he purchased them during the early part of his wanderings, or they were brought to him by somebody in his confidence.

Another class of people who sometimes lead a bat-like existence are "freaks." Usually, human monstrosities are very cheerful and light hearted; but now and again one is morbidly sensitive about his personal appearance, and in that case he may, perhaps, take his walks abroad between midnight and dawn.

In an up-country town, for instance, there lives a most repulsive-looking young fellow, whose father was so sorry for his boy's affliction, that he ignored the claims of his brothers and sisters, and bequeathed him every farthing he possessed.

The "freak" consequently has an income sufficiently large to keep him, as well as his sisters, who live with him.

His dread of being seen by a stranger is such that he stops in bed for the greater part of the day, and rarely leaves his room before dark.

As for going into the street, he would not do that for untold wealth until midnight, and not then without being closely muffled up. But when the thoroughfares are deserted he walks about for hours, never returning home before dawn.

A policeman has known him to be absent from his residence from 12 p.m. to about 7 45 a.m., and the presumption is that he was rambling about all that time.

Another case in point was related to the writer by a constable. One night the officer saw a man stagger and fall. Going to the pedestrian's assistance, he was horrified to find that the poor fellow's face was like a cat's.

Presently the "freak" came to his senses, whereupon the officer suggested that he should go to a hospital. On this he became greatly agitated, declared that he was quite well, and, getting to his feet, started off, only, however, to fall down again.

But this time he needed no help. With a strong effort of the will, he rose unaided, and very soon he was lost to sight.

Subsequently the officer learned that the man was known to several members of the force, and that for years he had been accustomed to take long walks in the dead of night.

Attempts had been made to engage him for exhibition purposes, but his conformation of mind was such that he had indignantly refused every offer.

Possibly enough there may be many other instances of night-rambling by "freaks." Who knows what monstrosities come from their hiding-places while great cities sleep? Perhaps hundreds of poor wretches, ashamed to face the light of day.

SHOULD DOCTORS SHAVE?—"It may be claimed by some," says an eminent doctor, "that the beard is provided by nature, and should be allowed to remain. So it may be with the layman; but when with the faculty it might prove a serious means of contagion, it were better that no chances should be taken.

"In listening to the action of the heart, or in making other examinations, the face of the examiner must necessarily come into direct contact with the person or clothing of the patient, and a bearded face would be much more liable to be affected thereby than the cleanly shaven skin. Many physicians affirm that disease has often been conveyed by this means, and hold that the less the face is encumbered the better it will be for both the doctor and patient.

"There is, beyond all that, this fact, which cannot but be generally admitted: the perspiration of summer and the frosted breath of winter, or the dampness from rain in all seasons, are not pleasant things for a doctor to carry into a sick-room. In winter he may divest himself of his overcoat and hat in the hall, but the beard, with the effects of the outside atmosphere, cannot be thus laid aside."

Scientific and Useful.

BALL BEARINGS.—It has been suggested that economy of operation of street railroads would be subserved by placing the wheels on ball bearings, and experiment has shown that the starting pull required on a car so equipped is very much less than on other cars. It seems to be only a question whether the cost of introduction and maintenance of ball bearings is not greater than the cost of the energy that would be saved by their use. If it is not, we may look for far greater station economy in the near future.

NEW DANGER TO FIREMEN.—At a recent fire in the basement of a Chicago electric power house, the firemen had great trouble in getting at the blaze. They had to chop holes in the floor of the dynamo room before they could get a stream on the blazing pile of waste. Not waiting for the dynamos to be shut down, they crept through the black smoke and turned a stream on the flames. In an instant they were flung to the ground with great violence, and the hose was sent flying into the air. A heavy current had passed along the stream and had shocked them. Though unconscious when rescued, they quickly recovered.

AN ELECTRIC HANSOM.—The new electric hansom which is now plying in New York has some advantages over the ordinary hansom as well as over the motor car. The reader will see from the idea that a "fare" can easily step in and out, while his view is unobstructed by a horse. A speaking tube enables him to speak with the driver, and an electric lamp to read by night. There is no vibration, and the motor is noiseless in action. The electricity is carried in accumulators under the seat of the driver, who controls the starting, stopping, and brake mechanism by hand levers. The vehicle runs on pneumatic tires, and a bell warns people of its approach. It can attain a speed of twenty-five miles an hour on a level road, but fifteen miles an hour is regarded as the most suitable rate.

Farm and Garden.

ANTS ON THE LAWN.—Bisulphide of carbon placed in the ground at or near the ant-hill will destroy the insects. Take a dibble or sharp stick and thurst it into the ant-hill, making a hole six or eight inches in depth; into this pour about two tablespoonful of the bisulphide, and then press the soil together at the surface to close the hole. The fumes of the liquid will penetrate the soil and kill the ants. This is the most effective of all the means that have ever been employed for this purpose.

LAND OR CROP.—The old question whether it is better to manure for land or for crop is not much asked nowadays. The loss of original fertility of soil and the narrowing profits on crops require that farmers in these times should get as nearly full returns as possible from all the manure they apply. If they manure at all for the future it is by seeding with clover when they apply the fertilizer, so that part of its benefit shall remain in the clover roots. Besides this, seeded ground does not waste fertility, either by washing or blowing away as that left naked in winter is sure to do.

HILLS V. VALLEYS.—On a hill would, as a rule, be a warmer situation for a house than in a valley. In the latter situation the moisture rising from the ground evaporates, and in so doing absorbs considerable heat from the surrounding atmosphere, with the result that the air of the valley becomes much colder and condenses the evaporated moisture. Moist situations are always colder than dry ones, and houses should therefore not be built in a valley, where the ground must receive the moisture from the higher lands on each side. Of course, a house situated low down gains a certain amount of shelter from cold winds, but this is more than counterbalanced by the presence of damp.

I consider Jayne's Expectorant the best Cough Medicine I know of. In cases of Croup, IT HAS SAVED BOTH MY OWN AND CHILDREN'S LIVES.—N. N. CAZEN, Sparrow Bush, N. Y., October 29, 1866.

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Treatment of Animals.

The proper treatment of animals is a subject that has been a good deal overlaid by weak-minded sentiment on the one hand, and by a desire to exploit animals as money making surprises on the other. In spite of our societies for the prevention of cruelty to dumb creatures, it may be questioned whether we have yet struck the right attitude towards any animals except those with which we are most constantly associated—the dog, with his useful capacities, the horse that we handle skilfully because of his intrinsic worth, and such contented beings, when left alone, as the cow and the cat. Though great advances have been made in the attempts to appreciate animal intelligence, to develop it on lines likely to be useful to ourselves, and to give the pleasure of obedience and regular habits to animals in restraint, we think we see a growing tendency towards forcing a more artificial life and unnatural habits upon dumb creatures. Wherever one goes the performing animal has arrived. Is it not time that we began to consider afresh the way to treat the dim intelligences that we have tamed and brought under direction?

It is a strange curiosity that leads people to run to see a horse that plays the piano, or an elephant that beats a drum with its tail, or a man that eats swords and breathes fire. Yet so great is the average taste for the abnormal that distortion attracts more readily than perfection.

In speaking however of performing animals, we must not make a sweeping assertion condemning them all. Regarded simply as a light entertainment, there are some forms of animal tricks that may certainly be tolerated, if not applauded. Cats, for instance, are especially suited for performance, as it is almost impossible for them to do anything which is not graceful, and therefore intrinsically pleasing.

A jumping cat is always an object of beauty, and a cat on a tight-rope or walking gingerly over bottle-tops has undoubtedly a certain charm for the eye. Indeed the test of the interest of their performance may be said to lie in the fact that, while it is nothing to speak or hear about, it is pleasing to witness, which is quite the reverse of many of the other tricks we have referred to. Dogs seem to lend themselves naturally to the showman's art; one sees in them such a splendid intelligence breaking through their brute nature, and one feels that their trainer has actually performed a service in playing the part of schoolmaster.

They seem so very nearly human that one never tires of watching their movements and displays of educated instinct. Yet even with dogs one sometimes cannot help a feeling of regret at the form their accomplishments take. To make them the medium of burlesque is to do them an injustice; the grotesque has no legitimate connection with grace and strength and intelligence. Even the bullet-headed bulldog, whose beauty lies in his ugliness, deserves better of us than to be tricked into a laughing-stock, and made the sport of a gaping audience.

Tricks are however at the best but side-issues in the training of animals. A pug-dog and a poodle certainly seem to fall short of their mission in life if they cannot beg and "trust" and "lie dead," and perform the numerous tricks which appear to belong by prescriptive right to their breeds. But that is because they seem to have no work other than that of being petted and being amusing. Generally speaking, all animals capable of being educated can be made of service to mankind, and the best training is manifestly that which most effectually brings out the useful qualities.

There may not be much difference in point of education in teaching a retriever or a spaniel to fetch a hidden handkerchief or fallen game, yet there is a wide enough difference in the utility of the acts. With sporting-dogs especially it seems ludicrously out of place to put them through a course of trick-training. It is like training a child to be a mountebank or a fool, in the old sense of the term, when one might, with an equal expenditure of labor, have made him a wise man and a useful member of society.

Human ingenuity is for ever searching for a new outlet, useful or otherwise, and it is not therefore surprising that from time immemorial men should have set themselves the arduous task of training animals in ways most unexpected. The ancient Romans trained elephants to walk upon the tight-rope, and the Sybarites taught their horses to dance to music, so that the feats of the circus have not advanced much with the centuries.

Beckmann, in his "History of Inventions," mentions that rather more than a hundred years ago an Englishman named Wildman "made himself much known by taming or training bees in such a manner that they not only followed him wherever he went, but settled even on his hands and face without stinging him, and seemed as if obedient to his orders." But even a hundred years before this there was a "King of the bees," who had such control over the insects that they "followed him wherever he went, as sheep do their shepherd; and, according to tradition, he was surrounded by thousands which always attended him." There is however no doubt that bee-charming is capable of a much simpler explanation than that of the exercise of human over insect will.

It is rather astonishing to find that, in spite of the well-known intelligence of the horse, and the manner in which it has for centuries been trained, one of them was so recently as 1501 burned as being possessed by the Evil One, because it had been taught a number of tricks. As a matter of fact there are few mechanical tricks which the more intelligent animals may not be taught, and the mere elaboration of them proves nothing beyond the increasing skill and patience of the trainer. But, seeing how many men devote themselves to animal training, it is a little surprising that they do not confine themselves more strictly to the accomplishments which may prove of service.

One very good effect resulting from the education of animals is the necessity of kindly treatment. It is erroneously imagined by many people that the tricks and accomplishments of animals are the results of cruel discipline. There can be no greater mistake. It is of course possible to obtain a certain kind of obedience from animals—especially from dogs—by the use of the whip and the boot. Indeed it has passed into a proverb that "a dog, a woman, a walnut tree—the more you beat 'em the better they be;" but any experienced trainer will tell you that you cannot obtain the highest results under the cruelly-coercive treatment. The most the whip will do is to obtain a kind of negative obedience. Though a dog will stand a deal of harsh treatment without losing its attachment to its owner, you cannot whip intelligence into it or teach it tricks at the toe of your boot. A cruelly-treated dog or any other animal soon has its spirit broken, and it is not under these conditions that you can coach it into brilliant accomplishments.

It is strange that so many men who have to do with animals all their lives do not recognize what is common knowledge among those who have studied the question—that cruelty does not pay. You may no doubt labor a donkey into quickening its pace, but, if you bring it up on the stick, it will be a far less useful and more unwilling animal than if you treat it with kindness. Of course, having been trained to know no other incentive than cuffs and blows, it is not to be expected that an animal should suddenly become amenable to soft words and coaxings. But those who would make the most of an animal's capacities must use gentle treatment. We do not say that a horse or a donkey argues that he will obey a kind master and rebel against a cruel one. It is simply that a course of cruelty has such a mental effect on all animals, including human beings, that they become absolutely incapable of developing to the full even in the matter of brute strength.

In short, on the treatment and education of animals of the domestic service class depends the making or spoiling of them. And to no animals does this more particularly refer than to horses and sporting-dogs. The importance of the early education or breaking of a horse is immeasurable; and, though perfect temper cannot be put in the place of inherited vice, or action and stamina be given where there is no good blood, yet the preliminary training may make all the difference to the value and capacity of a horse. The same may be said of sporting-dogs; and, though the rule applies less forcibly elsewhere, it is almost invariably true. The old stories of prisoners and others who have made pets of the most unlikely animals—Cowper and his hare, for instance—show how closely the influence of human beings may approximate all kinds of animal intelligence. We look upon domestic animals as, in their various capacities, the friends of man: and we should not forget how much closer and more valuable friends they may become if we play our part of schoolmaster intelligently and humanely.

Do not think of your faults—still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when autumn comes.

THERE are two ways of getting rich—one by adding to our possessions, the other by diminishing our desires. The latter is much the easier and readier.

A GOOD life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy, and temperance is the best physic.

MIND is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.

Correspondence.

BELL.—"To throw up the sponge" is borrowed from the prize-ring, it formerly being the custom, when a prize-fighter had been worsted, for his second to throw up the sponge used for wiping him off.

READER.—A procurator was the governor of a Roman province, having especial charge of the revenues and collection of taxes. Pontius Pilate was a procurator, but owing to the rebellious character of the Jews, he was invested with the power of a pro-consul.

M. C. P.—The fourth wife of Henry VIII., of England, was Anne of Cleves, whom Henry wedded with reluctance, to please the Protestant party, and make friends among the Protestant German princes. He divorced her in six months.

GEORGIE.—You acted somewhat inconsiderately, but not without provocation. You must now wait until the gentleman calls, and then frankly tell him exactly what you have written to us. You should have done this before. Treat your admirer with a little more candor and courage. Do not be afraid when your own dignity requires to be maintained. He will bow when he is shown that he is so clearly in the wrong.

N. P. S.—What are known as the He and She Bibles are those reprinted from the first two issues of our present Bible, in one of which the fifteenth verses of the third chapter of Ruth reads; "He went into the city;" and the other, "She went into the city." The "Wicked" Bible gets its name from the fact that the text of the Ten Commendments was set up with the word "not" omitted where it should have been inserted, and inserted where it should have been left out.

R. G. L.—Though a dictionary is indispensable for looking up the spelling, pronounciation, and meaning of individual words, no study of it will make you a correct talker of the English tongue, for talk depends upon the pronounciation of words in combination with each other, and on tone and quality of voice. You can only learn how to speak well by listening to those who speak well. That depends, again, on knowing who it is that speaks well. There are villages in this country in which scarcely one person speaks the English that is independent of locality. It is by the imitation of good talkers—that is, those who talk correctly, without being fine or finikin—that you will gradually feel it is natural to speak correctly.

F. R. G.—A ship's rate of speed is found by a line about 900 feet long on a reel having one end fastened to a thin triangular piece of wood called a log. The bottom of the log is loaded to make it stay vertical when tossed into the sea. It then remains in the same place (or is supposed to) in the water while the line is unwinding from the reel. The line is divided into parts of 51 feet each, called knots, or 1-120th of a nautical mile. Since a half minute has the same ratio to an hour that a knot has to a nautical mile, the ship runs at the rate of as many nautical miles an hour as it runs knots in half a minute. If, say, 19 knots pass in half a minute, the vessel is then running at the rate of 19 miles an hour.

A. L.—A man generally loves his wife better than his children, because he has for her a double love, as a husband and as mother of his children. A woman, who should perhaps be of like feeling with her spouse, on the other hand, has a greater love for her children than her husband, and often indulges them to his and their detriment. Tennyson has written a poem about this in his later verses. Many women will indignantly repudiate the assertion here made, but on the whole it will be found true. Some wives love their husbands with a heart-whole love; but it is astonishing how soon a widow with grown-up children consoles herself for the loss of her worse-half, whereas old and fond widowers very often die so.

E.—We wish we knew your object in asking about the social life of the island of Porto Rico. If it is detailed information you want for local coloring, of course we have not the space to supply it; but, if the question in your mind is whether life there is desirable for an American woman, the matter is much simpler. Home-life in all the West Indian islands is very similar in character when you reach the sugar estates, with the general difference that for American people, especially American women, the difficulties and the strangeness are much increased in the islands under Spanish rule. The thoughts and customs, of the Spaniard are not our thoughts and customs, especially when he is abroad. Porto Rico is a naturally rich island, with a considerable diversity of climate, that makes living easier to those of our nurture than in some of the West Indian islands; but the American woman at home cannot imagine the complete change she would experience in coming from a household made up, down to the most menial servant, of white people, to a household made up of negroes, and a society that consists, in a practical, if not in the political sense, of every shade of mankind, from white to black. Only those who have traveled know how the whole texture of character is altered by race and by tropical environment. Under Spanish or Portuguese rule in the tropics, where races are most mixed, you get forms of life more foreign to American ideas than anywhere else, and we should never recommend an American woman to live there unless she were surrounded by a colony of her own people strong enough to preserve the atmosphere of her race.

FAILED.

Failed of the goal which once had been my aim,
The distant port for which I once had sailed,
I think the graven words above my name
Must be: "He failed."

Failed to achieve the vision and the quest,
The self-forgetting and self-sacrifice;
Failed to attain the heritage of rest
Beyond all price.

Failed to retain the birthright, having sold
For passing pleasure, and from fear of pain;
Paying the wage of God's eternal gold
For timely gain.

Failed of the purity that purges sight,
The faith that nourishes with daily bread;
Failed of the hand that reaches through the night
To guide our tread.

Failed having laid his hand upon the plow,
So soon to falter and so soon to tire;
Failed, though the God of life may even now
Save as by fire.

However bright life's afterglow may flame,
If storms retreat that have so long assailed,
I think the graven words above my name
Must be: "He failed."

An Andromeda.

BY G. F. S.

A ROCKY ridge in Australia crowned by stunted gums stood out, purple and impressive, against the orange glory of the dying sun.

The sky, free from clouds, gave back the hues in every degree of tint, and cast them despairingly into the sombre shadows of the gullies which scored the ridge down from its summit to the rock-piled creek at its base, throwing mysterious and clinging fragments of haze over the monotonous vegetation, and making a hundred fairy vistas appear where, in the broad open glare of noontide heat, there were only gnarled, twisted, scraggy gum, and barren, sun-scorched soil.

Half-way up the steep slope that faced the setting sun, a bushman's rough-built hut caught some of the glow; and the roof, rudely fashioned from dried sheets of bark held down by long thin saplings laid crosswise over them and pinned in careless and untidy manner, took to itself touches and glints that hid the ragged edges, and turned the weather-worn saplings and the crude, shapeless, smoke-stained chimney into misty architectural triumphs, mellowing the dull and prosaic surroundings of the dwelling into poetic fantasies, until the thin wreath of blue smoke which rose in the calm air was a token of homage rising from the sacrificial altar of some mystic, soulful sun-worshipper.

From somewhere in the shadows, far below, there came the faint tinkle of a cow-bell, subdued by distance into the semblance of sweetness.

The short-lived, spasmodic chirps and twitters of the bush birds quivered here and there, and away down the gully, where the creek was trickling amongst the rocks and boulders, a pool of water, tinged by the glory overhead, smiled as it lay, a patch of color framed in darkening shade.

A bush track stretched away from the hut door and curved round the shoulder of the ridge in its descent, by a long, steep grade, down to where the land, thickly timbered and free from boulders, was level and fair for cultivation.

At the bend, just where he would be in full view from the hut, a man stood leaning on an axe, his eyes fixed with a strange yearning upon the vista of color and shadow before and below him.

"Gracious! if I could only paint them sunds in with the sunset I'd have the whole bilin' of the Royal Academy at my feet," he exclaimed, rapturously, as the melodious call of the stock-whip bird echoed along the gully.

Then he lapsed into silence again, drinking in the harmonies of color by big mental gulps, and straining and choking in his haste till he lost the flavor, and was only conscious of the bulk.

Another sound came to his ears and interrupted the spell of his fascination. It was the coo-ee of a shrill-voiced woman, and came from the direction of the hut.

He started, and, facing from whence the sound came, sent along its answer, following the cry with a soft whistle, as he shouldered the axe and resumed his task.

"That's a row all right," he mused aloud, as he walked along. "Here's the sun down, and I've forgotten everything at the sight of its going," and he looked back at the fast-dying flush that alone remained of the brilliance which had made the heavens a vast pulsing realm of beauty a few minutes earlier.

"Well, it's done now, and the sooner it's over the sooner it's——," a contraction of the brows and a tightening of the mouth finished the sentence.

As he neared the hut he saw the figure of the woman in the doorway; a large-framed, powerfully-built woman with a masculine fashion of pose, and a vehement, grating voice.

"Look you, John Wallis; me and you ain't goin on no more in these tracks, I'll tell you. Here's three hours and more since you went out to fetch back the axe you'd left behind, with your rot about pictures and such rot in your head, and now the sun's down and the cow ain't in nor no wood for the fire and nothin' done. You'd best clear out altogether, I take it, and let me run the place alone. You're no more good nor a bald bandicoot."

"Now don't get scotty with a chap, Kitty. It's all right. I was——"

"Yes; you was moonin' and moonin' over some weed or other, and afoolin' round doin' nothin' because there was red in the sky when the sun went down or a pee-wee awhistlin'. I know, and I'm about full of it, d'yo hear?"

"That's not like my little Andromeda," the man answered quietly, with a subdued capitulating tone in his voice.

"O, drat you and your rot; get some wood in!" she exclaimed, as she flounced round and went into the hut, leaving her husband stand silent. He looked away over his shoulder.

The last faint sheen of light showed through the trees on the top of the ridge, and, almost reverentially, he took his old hat from his head and brushed back his untidy hair as he watched the last glint give place to the deep blue of the tropic night.

"It's a bit hard on a poet and artist, but it's got to be done," he said softly. "Ah, well, it won't be for long," he added, as he went round to the side of the hut and chopped at a log in the dusk.

Three hours before he had placed it in position for cutting, only to find when he turned for the axe, that it was not in its accustomed place.

Then he had hunted for it in every likely and unlikely spot, until his wife, growing angry at his dreamy listlessness, had sharply suggested that he had left it behind him at the place where he had cut the log.

He had looked at her vacantly for a moment, and she, further incensed, had stamped her foot and shouted at him.

"Of course," he answered. "I remember now. There was an orchid flower, and I ——"

She had interrupted him again, forcibly and angrily, and he, timid in the presence of her rage, had done her bidding and returned to the place where he had cut the log, and found the axe where he had left it.

He also found the flower and a host of other things to occupy his mind until the longthening shadows warned of the flight of time. But not of the object of his coming.

"I'll have to hurry if I want to see the blue mists in the gullies," he muttered. That he carried the axe over his shoulder as he hurried up the slope was a mere accident of chance.

As he now stood chopping at the log, his mind was wandering over his mental picture of that sunset. It was the constant and ominous clatter inside the hut that kept him to his work. Once his wife came out, and from the corner of the hut called to him.

"How can you chop in the dark, you fool?" she snarled.

"It's all right, Kitty," he answered weakly, and she had flung round and gone back inside to clatter still louder in the fierceness of her wrath.

He worked on for another ten minutes, as often missing the log as hitting it, but anything was better than to have the impression of the sunset disturbed before, as he would have put it, there was time for it to burn into his memory.

At last he quietly picked up the results of his labors, and carried them into the hut, putting them down by the fire without a word to his wife and slinking off directly after to track the sound of the cow-bell till he found their one beast, tired out with its prolonged search for verdure amongst the wilderness of stones and boulders which constituted the sides and lower levels of the gullies.

He found her, chewing a sparsely-filled cud, near the one pool of water that a hot, dry summer had left in the creek. Poor as the gullies were, she preferred them to the bare confined paddock beside the hut where she was always left for the night, the decisive hope that an absence of wanderings after dark would induce her to yield some milk by the morning.

Still more did she object to be disturbed after she had settled down on her own initiative for a quiet rest and cogitation, and to drive her up the ridge in the dark was no easy task.

By the time that she was paddocked and the man returned to the hut, a slush lamp shed its flickering light over the rough table at which his wife sat waiting, with the evening meal prepared. There was an angry look in her eyes, and her brows were drawn and puckered.

"I'm full up of this," she said, as he entered and quietly took a seat opposite to her.

He looked across the table with a weak smile on his face.

"Yes, Kitty," he answered. "It seems hard, doesn't it? But genius, my dear, is always hard at the start. You wait till I'm president of the English Academy. You won't call it hard then."

"Wait! Yes; wait, wait! That's been your tune all along. Wait! We were to wait till that thing over there was done, and now we've got to wait still. I tell you, I'm sick of it," she said angrily.

He sighed. "You don't understand," he replied. "You remember my poem:

> "The price of art
> Is a broken heart,
> Till you get your start;
> Then the people part."

"Wait till that's shown," he went on, jerking his hand over his shoulder toward a large square canvas which leaned against the side of the hut with its face turned to the wall.

"Wait till they see that; then they'll part, I can tell you -not in hundreds, but thousands of pounds. We'll be rich enough for you then, I'll bet."

"Rot!" she interrupted forcibly.

"Then there's the poems. It isn't every artist that writes poems as well as paints," he continued.

"Writes poems as well as paints!" she snarled back. "And loats as well as starves, why don't you add, and lets his wife starve and every blessed thing on the place go to ruin, because he's too big a fool——"

"Kitty, Kitty, that's unfair, he interrupted plaintively.

"Don't I tell you it's all right? Don't I tell you the fire of genius is burning in me like a bush fire in a grass paddock; and that soon, next month maybe, the papers 'll be full of me and my works, and all the artists in the world will be flocking out here in mobs and camping all up the sides of the gullies for weeks and weeks with their hands full of sovereigns, begging and crying for me to just have a look at their work and give 'em hints."

"Don't I tell you the place 'll be full as a stock yard at a muster, of folks and bigwigs come from all over the world on the off chance of catching a glimpse of me, and adrinkin' in the sights and the sounds as I've grown and reared my genius on till it had wool enough to shear? I tell you, Kitty, you don't know, you don't know what's ahead of you."

In his excitement he had passed his hand across his forehead and run his fingers through his hair, further ruffling the untidy, ill-shorn locks until they stood out in spikes and wisps, a wild, unkempt setting for his equally wild eyes, that glittered in his enthusiasm for triumphs he believed were even now showering upon him.

With a gesture of impatience she picked up a knife and slashed vindictively at the heavy, badly-cooked bread, which, with a piece of stale salt beef, constituted the fare for the meal.

"You don't know, you don't know," he repeated in a quieter tone. "It's all very well for you to grumble. It's all very well for them as don't know to laugh. But you wait till I'm invited to give lessons to the Royal Academy; you wait till ——"

"Look here, John Wallis," she said, rising to her feet and glaring at him as she flung the knife down and almost across the table.

"I tell you I'm full of it. When you was assisting that photographer and we got married things was fairly good. Then you started for yourself, and that wasn't bad. But since you got this craze to go slodging paints about—well, it's hell, that's what it is, hell!

He looked up into her face, the features of which had still had much attractiveness in them, though they were coarsened and distorted by the rage that was burning in her.

"What a Medusa you'd make," he murmured. "If I had the means I'd have a go at it."

"Yes, sir!" she snapped. "I was good enough for——"

"You should have remembered that at once," he replied.

"My God, if you ain't enough to drive a woman clean silly! she burst out. "You——"

Her emotions were too many for words and she stood still, looking at him, her face quivering and working.

He, not appreciating the glare in the eyes, rose and went over to where the canvas stood, and, turning it round, stood beside it and said, "Look at it, Kitty, and say if it ain't grand. Look at it. If that don't cure you, I don't know what will!"

It was a great work, so far as color was concerned. There was a vast expanse of wonderfully tinted rocks and marvellous vegetation of conspicuous green in the background; in the foreground was a pool of presumable water, above the surface of which a small boulder stood in aggressive distinctness, and upon the boulder was an impressively hued snake of an, as yet, unknown species.

Where the rocky background and the watery foreground met, a female form appeared. The pose of the figure was a hardened reproduction of Mrs. Wallis's masculine attitude; the face was an equally hardened reproduction of hers.

Across the lower ends of the canvas there was painted the legend, "Australia's Andromeda awaiting Perseus."

It was not beautiful, except to the producer, and what enthusiasm there had been in the model's breast while it was being painted, two years before, had long since died out at the deferred hope of a world-wide recognition which had never come. Now its appearance was the final strain upon her control.

Stooping down, she seized the backless chair upon which she had been sitting, and before the painter of the century realized her intention it had crashed through the canvas and split the great conception into tatters.

For the moment the effect of her action terrified her, and she stared blankly at the rent through which her missile had passed.

He, stunned by the suddenness of the catastrophe, gazed vacantly in the same direction. Then the terrible nature of the injury burst upon him, and with the yell of a maniac he sprang at his wife.

"Vile Philistine! Iconoclast! Destroyer of the priceless, die!" he shouted, as he grabbed at the knife she had thrown down upon the table.

But in his excitement he stumbled, and falling against the table, overturned it and extinguished the lamp. As he sprawled on the floor, and in the faint glow from the embers of the fireplace, he saw his wife, still standing, towering above him.

Something was by his hand, and, seizing it, he threw it at her in his frenzy, and as he scrambled to his feet he saw her fall.

"Air!" he shouted; "air! I'm choking" and heedless of everything save the impulse of the moment he rushed headlong through the door.

* * * * * *

It was an old story, Australianly speaking, that slowly forced itself into the muddled consciousness of the man who lay like a log outside the Way Back Hotel, and tried to understand what caused the awful weight on his head and the parched crackling in his throat.

Dimly, almost before he had the power to move or to sit up, his mind began to straighten itself, and facts, strangely distorted, and interwoven with confusing impressions, came to memory.

None were very clear at first, but even that which related to his own identity. A man of peace and a man of war jostled one another in his brain, and a wave of emotion which began with a smile ended with a curse and the wish to strike someone or the other gained [illegible]. And yet neither was his own.

He groped his way through the tangled confusion until he vaguely recalled his arrival at the shanty outside of which he was now lying.

He had arrived the evening before in the character of a miner, who, having struck a patch rich enough to put a few hundreds in his pocket, had turned his face to the haunts of pleasure where he could lighten his heart and his heart at the same time.

The Way Back Hotel was the first [illegible] he had come to for [illegible] and there he had stopped, [illegible] of his cares and all [illegible] ones he had; and of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

and angry faces; a rush of cold air; darkness and a shock.

He raised himself upon his elbow. Yes, it was clear enough now. He had been "fired out" of the shanty. And his money?

He thrust a hand into the pocket where it had been, knowing as he did so that there would be only emptiness, for the Way Back Hotel had too fine a reputation to maintain ever to allow a pigeon to escape from the trap with a vestige of down let alone a feather.

It was gone and so was the secret store he had hidden in his boots, and which he had exposed when he had backed his fancy for the last time at the game the night before.

There was only one thing for him to do, and that was to go back, as he had done four times already, to work till he had enough to carry him through to the coast, and then, when he had it, to start off and travel steadily to the first shanty, where he would turn in and, throwing all his good in'entions to the wind, stay till he was thrown out—a penniless, sodden wreck.

He was carrying out his half-formed scheme when something recurred to him, something which brought a gasp in his breath and a clutch to his hands. Was it always going to end like this? A year of longing and working thrown away for nothing, and all to be done over again? He had tried that before. This time he would not turn back.

He would go forward and face things to the end; and when he staggered along the road he was going from and not to the range where the gold was to be found.

A few weeks later and the Way Back was many miles behind him, and he was nearing the place that had for years been drawing him in spite of all he could do to forget it.

"To-morrow I'll be there," he mused, as he sat and smoked a lonely pipe beside his solitary fire. "I wonder if the old crank 'll come on again."

For a time he was silent, watching the flames as they flickered round the logs till he felt the companionship of their presence and let his tongue speak out.

"It's a rum go," he said. "A darned rum go when you come to think of it, but what does a man want to get married, or nabbed by anything, save hunger, and thirst, and sleep?

"I must have been mad, I take it, and yet here I am going back again. What for? I'm blest if I know. She's dead these many years, and if she ain't, I don't want her.

"I'm better without her and she without me. And yet, here I am, going back."

He finished his pipe and began another, but still the question held him. Why was he going back?

He let his memory stray to the time when he had left his father's selection to join a strolling photographer and learn the business.

That had been a strange fascination in itself, for the selection consisted of good land, and yielded sufficiently good returns to make the elder Wallis a substantial man in the opinion of the local bank manager.

But the district was flat and uninteresting, and from his youth the son had worried and fretted about matters which the parents could not understand, and which he was not too sure about himself.

When the strolling photographer appeared and displayed, among other articles of his trade, views of more rugged and impressive scenery than was to be found within a hundred miles of the flat dreary country all around the selection, the young man was moved with a restless dissatisfaction for his surroundings, and an aimless yearning which refused to be quieted until he had thrown in his lot with the photographer and left his parental roof with the reverse of blessings on his head.

It was nothing to the father that the son abhorred agriculture and stock raising, and had so great an aversion to flat monotonous land that when, as circumstances afterwards compelled, he took up a selection of his own, he ignored good promising acreage for rock-piled gullies and barren steeps.

There was no sympathy between himself and his relations, he had been wont to observe as he drifted more and more under the dominancy of what, in his reawakened sense, he termed his "craze." He smiled bitterly to himself as he recalled the fact, and looked back upon his lonely, penniless state over the wasted years to the time when he had set out to learn what his father roughly termed "that tommy-rot game."

He might have grown tired of it, and tired of the feud with his relatives and have gone back to the old selection had it not been——he stirred uneasily, and kicked the log that was burning before him as the thought came to him.

"For the woman I'm not going back to. I'm going back to the land," he exclaimed angrily.

But it was the woman who had kept him to his camera and away from his father's stock, all the same.

She, a big-boned pupil teacher at the bush school, had elected to be operated upon by the young enthusiast, and had talked so glibly over the views he showed her, and the beauties of art and the power of sympathy, and his own extraordinary genius in "taking speaking likenesses," that a new phase of life opened before him.

It was not for him to know that a young storekeeper of the township, who had the post office and the chief trade of the settlement, had but very recently declared his preference for a neighboring selector's daughter, over the head of the big-boned pupil teacher.

Nor that envy, malice, and uncharitableness had a good deal of weight in inducing the choice of himself as the confidant of a lonely girl's aspirations after the unattainable.

He didn't always understand very clearly, and perhaps she was not thoroughly at home on the subject, but a pupil teacher has to be possessed of a smattering of cults, and the idea of sympathy and aspirations and artistic yearnings pleased him and fired his imagination into more vivid activity than it had yet known.

He was married out of hand and photographing on his own account in a bush township before he quite realized it, with the smattering of many cults transferred from his wife's to his own mind, where they jostled and jumbled and fermented until he was developed for the further expansion of his craze. In his wife he saw the one woman of the world who was, to him, the very embodiment of art and beauty, and from that time on art and beauty ruled him.

Not always coherently, but persistently, he strained and struggled after the unattainable, seeing with eyes which condemned all save the work of nature and himself. Untutored and unversed in the rudiments of the art, he essayed what could only have been possible for a master.

The conclusion was foregone, but he ignored it, and only starvation could have finished the mad career of his craze had it not been abruptly ended through the destruction of his masterpiece by the model whom it was intended to immortalize.

Five years had passed since then, and now he was looking back and trying to get hold of the veriest shred of a reason for it all. He used to worship sunsets; now they only reminded him that it was time to camp.

The few song birds the bush contained had been messengers of ravishing glamor for him; now he could only regret they were not big enough to eat. A dictionary of mythological fables had been his one great delight; now he barely remembered its name.

The dreams had gone, the craze had gone, and, of course, the power of the woman had gone too. But yet he was going back.

The woman had long ceased to be anything to him, he told himself, and repeated it the next morning when he turned the shoulder of the ridge and caught sight of the hut on the hillside. She was nothing to him, and it was only fancy that made his heart throb and his blood warm.

He glanced along the gully, in which the purple shades were beginning to gather and the cow-bell tinkled and jangled. The last time he had looked he had dreamed of the golden glories in the sky; now he noted the formation of the rocks.

"I'll bet my life there's gold in it," he muttered as he walked on.

A few yards further he stopped again. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and round the hut there were signs of comfort that had not been when he left. He could see fowls and ducks gathering as if for their food—as they used to do when he and his model came to the place to create the great masterpiece. As he looked, someone came to the door, and instinctively he shrank into the shade.

It was woman was nothing to him; but he felt a cold chill pass over him and leave his skin damp and clammy and his hands clenched to keep his quivering muscles still when he saw that form and knew it.

"It's as she was seven years ago. My God, she's dead, and that's her ghost," he muttered.

The poultry gathered round her as she threw them food, and the man watched fearfully, intently, wonderingly. Presently he saw them scatter, and out of the door and past the woman there rushed a small figure.

A childish laugh that came at the dismay of the chickens floated over to him and froze his heart.

The woman had been and was nothing to him now, but—well, he had no child with him.

He waited till he saw them both go inside the hut, and then he turned from the track and scrambled savagely down the gully.

The land was his at all events, and would not go off with the first comer; and if there was gold in it, why he would have it and laugh back at those who jeered him for selecting rocks and boulders and leaving the good level land alone.

The light had gone from the bed of the creek, and with his heart bitter and heavy, he knew not why, he gathered some sticks and made a fire. By the light of the flames he examined the rock more closely and found what confirmed his suspicions. There was gold in the creek and in the rock.

In the morning he would look for more, and find enough perhaps to make him as rich as—the thought rose unbidden in his mind—as rich as she wanted to be, and as rich as if he were president of the Royal Academy of England. The idea struck him harshly. Who was she now, and as for the Academy, what was it to him?

"Say, you can't light that fire there. This ain't no place to camp!"

The voice came from a boulder above him, and, with a cry, he sprang to his feet. It was the rock that had formed the background of his masterpiece, and on it stood his model.

"John! John! Why——?"

The cheery ring of the voice went through his ears like a melody as the woman, not waiting to finish her sentence, scrambled down towards him.

"Stand back!" he cried, as she came nearer. "Stand back! You're either dead or false!"

"John! John!"

She called his name as she stood scarce a yard away from his outstretched menacing arms.

"Go to the man you've chosen. I've come for my gold, not for you. Go to your child's father——."

"I have come," she interrupted pitifully.

"John, don't you understand?" she went on as he stood silent. "I've waited all these years, me and little Andromeda, as I've called her, and I've taken care of the place and the picture, too. Why didn't you come sooner?"

Was the woman nothing to him, or was it some of the Way Back shanty poison still lurking in his system that made the roar in his ears and the confusion in his brain?

"I'm sorry I did it, John, but I was real mad that night, and Lord knows, I've suffered for it since," he heard her say.

"Am I drunk, or what's up?" he exclaimed, as he pressed his hand to his head.

"Won't you come?" she said, as she laid a hand on his arm, and led him, silent and unresisting, up the bank and through the door into the hut.

Beside the fire he saw a childish figure with big eyes looking at him, and against the opposite wall a canvas with carefully stitched seams running helter-skelter across the mass of crude coloring. He looked from the child to the canvas and from it to the mother where she stood between him and the child.

"Perseus has come," he said quietly.

The Plot of the Pink.

BY B. C. M.

THE story of the last attempt to rescue Marie Antoinette from the guillotine is involved in a maze of contradictions. Memoirs, letters, and police-reports of the day are at variance, and in these latter papers so improbable a part is assigned to the Queen herself, that no single statement can be relied upon as correct or even credible.

The actors, the means adopted, the very scenes in which the incidents recorded took place are matters of controversy, and when conflicting versions from political documents and stolen notes come to be compared, the case seems hopeless. The mind is driven out of its proper course and is half inclined to believe that a more satisfactory issue may be found out of the beaten track and a nearer approach to the truth in the pages of a novel than in any of the archives.

History has been compared to stage decorations; where splendid buildings give every illusion of substantiality until one goes behind the scenes, when marble and granite are discovered to be simply paper and paint; and there are occasions when it may be safer to trust to fiction founded on fact, than to a supposed fact founded on fiction.

A member of the French Academy affirms that, having carefully studied all the public documents relating to the flight of the royal family to Varennes, he found the only really satisfactory description of it in a chapter from the pen of Alexandre Dumas.

The truth is scrupulously respected, the fugitives are followed step by step, and a lesson in narrative given by which the historian might safely profit, were it not for the fact that no serious writer could hope to maintain his reputation but at the expense of brightness. An amusing historian must be at once discredited.

The Chevalier de Maison Rouge, the most dramatic of all Dumas' entrancing novels, may safely be taken as the best picture of the time. It could not fail to be the most sensational, since it treats of an epoch without parallel in horror and interest.

From the beginning of time there have been, doubtless, terrible crimes, revolts, rebellions—days in which there was no law, no security, no retribution—where there have been cruel martyrdoms, and where the innocent have been the chief sufferers; but there has only been one tragedy like the tragedy of 1793—only one Reign of Terror.

In years of order and quietness it is difficult to picture such a day; its deeds of violence seem like dreams of a disordered fancy: the wildest imagination could conceive no greater chaos, and le grande raconteur, only separated from the dramatis personæ of his story by the briefest space, was able to draw them as they were in real life—creatures of flesh and blood, with some of whom he had even spoken face to face.

Pere Dumas, as the younger men were pleased to call him, was a republican, though not a communist, and had many acquaintances amongst the people; it has even been thought that one of the actors in the Plot of the Pink was personally known to him.

The Tisons, the Simons, the Santerres of the Conciergerie were types which he had closely studied, and although he may have sometimes been accused of historic impossibilities, it is admitted that when he chose to be accurate he could be as accurate as anybody else.

His novel was just about to be published under the title of "The Marquis de Rougeville," since that was the real designation of the Queen's devoted adherent, when he received a letter from the son of his hero. It was as follows:

"MONSIEUR:—My father's mark in the Revolution was so brief, and also so mysterious, that it is not without anxiety, that being aware of your republican principles, that I see his name at the head of your forthcoming romance.

"I would venture to ask with what incidents you accompany the bare facts which attach to his name, although I am well aware of the respect you profess for fallen greatness, and your sympathy with noble devotions.

"Accept, monsieur, ect., etc.,

"MARQUIS DE ROUGEVILLE."

Dumas at once replied that he was not aware of the existence of any descendants of the late Marquis, and that although the story was wholly in his favor, from that moment the Chevalier de Rougeville should cease to exist, and should become the Chevalier de Maison Rouge.

He then received a second letter:

"MONSIEUR:—Call your story what you will. I am the last of my family, and in another hour I shall have blown out my brains.

"DE ROUGEVILLE."

Not altogether putting faith in this sensational announcement, Dumas sent his secretary for news of the Marquis, who found that he had in fact destroyed himself; but still feeling bound to keep to the word, the novel was published with the title of Chevalier de Maison Rouge.

In the first weeks of the Revolution the royal family still counted a large number

of faithful adherents, who kept up the illusion of a court, whilst the patient King submitted to take a minor part and to be almost effaced in the terrible drama going on around him.

He made no appeal, and even when the Temple-gates had closed upon him, refused to believe in the imminence of his danger. It was not until the drums had drowned his voice in the Place de la Revolution that the Queen could realize the end.

That Europe should have stood still with folded arms before the appalling spectacle offered by France in 1793 is one of the historic secrets which have never yet been explained. The only sovereign prepared to take an active part against the Revolution was Gustavus of Sweden. He was about to put himself at the head of an invading army when he was shot through the breast, possibly a message from the Communists. At all events the deed was extolled in Paris as noble and praiseworthy.

But there was a voiceless sympathy for Marie Antoinette in quarters where it might be least expected, and many tender hearts bled for her.

It is a painful fact that it was not the associates of her prosperous days who showed any readiness to sacrifice personal safety for her sake; they might bitterly lament the insults and the tortures inflicted on her, but it was in silence and inaction, whilst her true partisans were to be found amongst the people.

The list is strange.

A dustman, a confectioner, three hairdressers, two masons, a lemonade-seller, a locksmith, and a tobacconist. There were even revolutionary fanatics who would have saved her. Toulan, whose confederacy with Monsieur de Jarjayes has never been denied, was a red republican, elected by the Commune as one of the Temple guards on account of his animosity to the tyrants.

The failure of several badly-managed schemes had put a temporary check to futile plots when De Rougeville, returning from abroad, determined on a more resolute venture. He managed, with extraordinary address, to make himself agreeable to Michonis, the inspector of prisons, to whose especial vigilance the care of the Temple prisoners had been confided.

Vain of his functions, and particularly proud of his daily interviews with the Veuve Capet, he was easily induced to permit the companions of his social hours a sight of her in her captivity.

Even the most turbulent sansculottes and the most austere terrorists were unable to approach the fallen Queen without an emotion they could not conceal. She was so imposing in her courageous resignation and the proud impassibility with which she met insolence and outrage, that she was never approached without a certain sense of embarrassment; but Michonis, over the convivial cup, indulged himself in free remarks upon her appearance and surroundings.

Her whitened hair, her terrible pallor, far from detracting from her beauty only enhanced it, and her gracious bearing he averred would in any case have rendered her fascinating.

De Rougeville, inwardly raging under the intolerable familiarity of such revelations, was careful to assume an air of indifference, and to appear simply led by the eloquence of the speaker into some slight curiosity concerning her. Finally a day was fixed when he should accompany Michonis on his tour of inspection.

And here comes the important discrepancy between history and fiction, for from police reports it would seem that the Plot of the Pink was to have been carried out in the Conciergerie, whilst Dumas lays the scene in the Temple.

In the former case the difficulties would have been insurmountable. To escape from that "antechamber of death" could not have been attempted with the faintest chance of success, yet this is the story given amongst several equally improbable ones in the state papers.

It is there related that Michonis confessed that he ushered De Rougeville on the day appointed into a low, dark, unfurnished chamber where two gendarmes were playing at cards; the woman Harel, who never for a moment lost sight of the Queen, was seated at the window sewing.

Marie Antoinette herself stood erect, and whilst Michonis had turned his head for a moment, the chevalier made her a sign, and, taking a red carnation from his buttonhole, threw it behind the stove near which the Queen was standing.

As soon as they were gone, she picked it up and found a paper neatly folded in the petals, and informed her that the chevalier would return with money to bribe her attendants, and full directions for her own conduct in the matter.

What then is said to have been the course pursued by Marie Antoinette.

It is related that she wrote a reply by means of a pin, and calling one of the guards, confessed to him the means by which De Rougeville had communicated with her, and desired him to place in his hands the few words she had written in reply before she left the prison.

The soldier, Gilbert by name, had always treated her with respect, and although so unusual a thing might have misled her to think him a friend, it is beyond measure unlikely that she would have trusted him in a matter of such importance both to herself and her friends. It appears that Gilbert took the paper and carried it at once to his superior officer, who brought the affair before the committee of public safety.

Michonis was closely examined, but made very light of the affair as a mere act of gallantry on the part of a stranger who had no idea of interfering in politics.

The story told by Dumas is more interesting and easy of belief. It was in the spring of 1793. Paris, a vast beleaguered city, was in the hands of the people. Besides the organized National Guard, bands of disorderly patriots patrolled the streets to the terror of peaceable inhabitants.

No one would venture abroad after dark who was not a well-known Communist, at the risk of having to pass the night at the section, to be followed as likely as not by the guillotine.

One of these roystering parties had come to a halt in the middle of a narrow street and stopped a young woman who was hurrying on, carefully muffled and evidently anxious to escape observation.

She was roughly interrogated, and being unable to produce the card without which, by the latest decree of the Commune, no one was permitted to move, they were about to convey her to the nearest post, when they were accosted by a young officer of the Municipal Guard.

The woman, who was young and beautiful and evidently in the greatest terror and distress, was not long in obtaining his protection, although her appearance and manner could only be described by the popular word suspect; but being himself well known as an irreproachable Democrat he obtained her release, and found himself escorting her along the deserted streets in the direction she indicated.

Her gratitude to the handsome young Municipale may well be imagined, but she maintained a complete silence as to her name, and the nature of the business which called her abroad so late in such a time; and when the reached a quieter quarter she begged him to leave her.

It takes a good many of Dumas's dramatic scenes before Maurice Lindey succeeds in discovering the name and surroundings of the heroine of his adventure. She is the wife of a master tanner and dyer living on the outskirts of Paris, very quiet, homely people; Genevieve, a model wife and citizeness, Dixmer, the husband, much occupied with his business, and not at all with politics, passing his days with his workmen, and his nights in his laboratory, assisted by a foreman—one Morand—a reserved and silent personage, always absorbed in some chemical problem, his eyes protected by large green spectacles, and his hands inordinately stained with pigments.

Maurice is soon made welcome to the quiet household. The oftener he appeared the better they seemed to be pleased, and he never for a moment suspected any ulterior motive for their excessive hospitality.

One day, at dinner, the conversation turned on passing events, which was not often the case, the Dixmers professing much ignorance of revolutionary matters; but a recent attempt to rescue the Temple prisoners could not fail to be mentioned.

"It only failed," said Morand, "because there was an aristocrat among the patrol who was imprudent enough to let the word Monsieur escape him."

Maurice, better informed, replied that greater vigilance had been aroused by the discovery of the Marquis de Rougeville's return to Paris, who had safely crossed through France with his usual good fortune, and having waited till dark at one of the barriers, made his way in, under the disguise of a National Guard.

Immense surprise was manifested at this news, and Dixmer supposed that he had vanished again as soon as the enterprise had failed.

"Not at all, not at all," said Maurice. "He is lurking somewhere about, but will be recognised before he can manage to get away."

"What is he like" asked Morand.

"He is a small slight man, but soldierlike and distinguished—magnificent eyes, which are alone sufficient to identify him."

A profound silence followed this description.

"How can he be so rash as to remain!" presently exclaimed Madame Dixmer.

"You are a woman, citizeness," answered Maurice, "and will comprehend the all-powerful motive which in a man like the Chevalier outweighs all considerations of personal safety."

"And what may that be?"

"Love," said the young officer. "Have you not heard of his love for Marie Antoinette?"

Both Dixmer and Morand laughed derisively, and the conversation was turned into another channel.

A few days afterwards Genevieve asked Maurice if the Queen were really as beautiful as people said.

"Have you never seen her?" he inquired, with some surprise.

"I have not been long in Paris," she replied, "and the opportunity has never presented itself."

"Nor do I fancy would you take advantage of that which may soon unhappily occur."

"What do you mean?" she asked breathlessly.

"Citizen Maurice alludes to the probable condemnation of Marie Antoinette and her death on the scaffold," said Morand, quietly.

"Ah, no," she murmured.

"But," continued Maurice, "I am on duty at the Temple, and could place you any day where you could see her during exercise hours in the gardens."

The offer was gratefully accepted, and on one fine morning Maurice appeared in full civic uniform to escort his friends to the Temple prison. Dixmer declared himself far too much occupied with his business for any such idle expedition, and Morand protested he could ill be spared, but was over-persuaded, and excusing himself for his working dress, prepared to make one of the little party.

The accustomed reader of romance already divines that the green spectacles were more than ever needful for disguise, that the pretended chemist was no other than the Chevalier de Maison Rouge, and that the Dixmers were both devoted Royalists.

Passing over the bridge of the Notre Dame, they were nearing the Hotel de Ville when they were accosted by a flower-girl.

"Buy a bouquet, mon beau Municipale," she said; "buy a bouquet for the pretty citizeness." She held up a bunch of splendid red carnations, and Maurice presented them to Madame Dixmer. Morand had stood apart during the apparently trifling episode. He was pale as death, but Maurice observed nothing.

Arrived at the Temple he installed them at the end of a narrow passage through which the Queen had to pass on her way to the gardens. At ten o'clock there was a call to arms, the clang of musketry upon the stones resounded through the courts, the iron gates opened, and the Royal family appeared.

"The first two are the sister and daughter of Capet," whispered Maurice. "The last to come is Marie Antoinette."

Morand, white as ashes, drew back against the wall, but Genevieve took a step forward. Her white dress and red carnations attracted the Queen's attention, and she said smiling, "Ah, madame, how happy you are to have such flowers."

Genevieve made a rapid movement to offer them, but Maurice laid his hand on her arm.

"Is it forbidden?" she exclaimed, with deep disappointment. He thought for a moment and then said: "No; give them."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the Queen, and with her thin white fingers she chose one of the flowers almost at random from the bouquet.

"Oh, take them, take them all," said Genevieve.

"Come, Citoyenne Capet," shouted the officer of the guard, and she passed on.

"She never saw me," groaned Morand, who was almost kneeling.

"But you saw her, Madame Dixmer!" said Maurice, intent on pleasing her and blind to everything else.

"Oh, yes, yes," she replied; "and if I were to live a hundred years I should never forget it."

The same evening in her prison, by the aid of a smoking lamp, her little daughter's arms round her neck, hiding her movements from the eyes of the guards, Marie Antoinette deciphered a few lines written on tissue paper, which was tightly folded between the petals of one of the carnations.

These told her that a passage had been opened underneath one of the garden walks leading into the street into which she could easily pass through a trap door in one of the canteens opened for the use of the soldiers, and into which she must find some excuse to enter unobserved.

There was nothing impossible in this, but the plot was discovered through one of the accidents which it is impossible to foresee.

The Queen had dropped one of the carnations, in which there was a duplicate of the paper in her own, and a flower girl had been noticed on one of the bridges flinging a whole basket of her wares into the river.

In those days it required much less to cause misgivings, and there are suspicions which are quickly justified. The trap-door was observed: the Temple gardens were considered a source of danger, and Marie Antoinette was parted from her sister and her children, and driven in the darkness of a summer night to her cell in the Conciergerie.

At Home and Abroad.

In Berlin the hospitals and almshouses are regularly supplied with sweet fresh flowers plucked from the public gardens before they commence to fade, and twice a week each of the national schools receives from one hundred to one hundred and fifty specimens of four different kinds of plants for the purpose of botanical demonstrations.

Excluding tracts which were not enumerated in 1881, such as upper Burmah, North Luenai-land, and the Quettah stations, a population of more than 19 250,000 was added to the British territory in India during the last decade, amounting to that of the entire countries of Spain and Norway taken together. The net increase of the whole of India, administered and protected, is more than equivalent to the population of England, and not far below that of the kingdom of Italy.

France knows how to protect the small rights of her people. Anybody who doubts the genuineness of an article of food that he has purchased from a Parisian tradesman may take it to the municipal laboratory for analysis. It will cost him nothing to have it analysed and the fact determined if it is unadulterated or adulterated; and if the latter, the law deals with the offender without further action on the part of the purchaser. The shopkeeper is liable to be heavily fined, imprisoned, deprived of the few civil rights he is supposed to be otherwise entitled to, and has to display conspicuously in his shop-window or on his door for a year a large placard bearing the words "Convicted of Adulteration."

Lady Londonderry, of England, who is deeply interested in the solution of domestic problems, made a practical suggestion quite recently to a northern Training Institute for Servants. "Take servants as apprentices," is her dictum. Lady Londonderry went over the principal servant-girl troubles, and laid particular stress on the difficulties arising from a new servant who maintains that she understands her duties and refuses to be taught. "Housekeepers," she said "must suffer from this in loss of patience, loss of comfort, loss of digestion, and loss of china and bric-a-brac. Why not take the new servant into your house on an agreement of apprenticeship? Care for her, and let the other servants teach her. The instruction would be good wages during the term of apprenticeship, and when it was over you would have a trained and capable servant."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

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Our Young Folks.

THE KITTENS THAT STUDIED.

BY T. E. C.

"IF you attend your studies and learn something, and keep out of mischief just for one day," said the old tabby cat, "I shall take all of you to see the white mice next door."

The three kittens in the basket purred and spread their little paws, pushing the straw and each other with great glee.

"Come along!" said Tom, "let us climb out at once and learn something."

So Tom and Spot and Blackie climbed up the side of the basket, and tumbled out on the kitchen floor—one, two, three—and ran away with their tails up.

After a long time, they came back, and stood up with their little paws on the edge of the basket, and their eyes and noses and whiskers peeping over. Although they were so very young, they had whiskers already.

"Mother Tabby," they mewed, "we all know something now. We do!"

"What have you learned?" said the old cat. "Now each of you must tell me a different fact. Is it geography or natural history?"

"What's that?" said the kittens.

"Natural history is about birds and things," said the cat.

"Oh! well then," said the kittens, "it must be natural history. You first, Tom." And the other two poked him with their furry elbows.

"Natural history," said Tom, in a little piping voice as if he was mewing a lesson. "There is a yellow bird in the front room, in a cage."

"Now it is my turn!" said Spot. "I should like to eat him."

"Now me!" cried Blackie in a hurry; "only one can't get at him, because——"

The big cat lifted her soft paw, and they all let go the basket, and slipped down on the safe side.

"You naughty kittens," she said. "That was a canary in a cage. You must not even look at a canary in a cage. One can't look at him without wanting to eat him; so don't!

"You have been wishing to do the worst thing possible—much worse than putting your head into the cream-jug as you did, Tom, yesterday. So mind you be better to-morrow."

On the second day, the cat and kittens were in the garden; for it was bright and sunny. The kittens went under the back yard door in search of learning. Soon they came back, squeezing their little bodies under the door one after the other.

"Mother Tabby," they said, "we do not look at them; but we have learned more natural history. There are seven canaries walking about in the back yard with a big, big hen."

"Oh, you silly kittens!" said Mother Tabby, beginning to wash them, as she always did when they came to her, as it they had never been washed before in their lives.

"Those were not canaries, so your natural history is all wrong. Those were chicks—the young ones of the hen the hen's kittens, you know," said Tabby, to explain.

"Those were not kittens, for they had only two legs," said Tom.

"Oh! oh!" cried Spot, "they had fourteen! I mean," she said, because Blackie and Tom laughed "there are seven of them, so they must have had fourteen legs." Spot was good at figures.

"My dear kittens," said the cat, "you must learn the right names of things, but you have not yet learned anything well enough to persuade me to take you to see the white mice next door.

"Suppose you go up to the schoolroom where the little girls, who own us, have their lessons. Try that to-morrow, and learn the right names of things."

So the next day, Tom, Spot and Blackie sat mewing on the landing outside the schoolroom door.

"The kittens have come up. Do let them in," said the children. And when the door was opened a little bit, in marched the three kittens, looking very proud.

But as they sat in a row, facing Miss Brown, with their eyes wide open and their ears pricked up, the children laughed so much they were a few minutes. Miss Brown turned the three little kittens out. The door was shut so as I wanted to [illegible] the lessons in the books, and [illegible] the [illegible] not learn it out, and kittens were allowed into the room during lessons.

"Naughty children," said Tabby on the stairs, "you have caused me to be blamed, when I was not in the room at all. If you had behaved properly and sat still, you would not have disturbed the lesson."

"We did sit still," said Tom. "We sat in a row and looked at the lady who was teaching geography."

"And the two little girls laughed all the time," said Spot. "So we were turned out. We were not laughing."

"I have always heard that a cat may look at a king," said Tabby. "But all the same it does not seem right for three kittens to sit in a row and stare at a lady who is teaching geography. You must study when no lessons are going on. At this rate you cannot expect to be taken to see the white mice next door."

Then came the fourth day. "Let us go to Africa," said Tom.

"And where is Africa?" asked the mother cat.

"It is against the wall," said Tom. "The lady who was teaching geography pointed to it, and said, 'That is Africa.'"

"And I think there is natural history in Africa, for something stirred behind it," said Spot.

Blackie was a gentle and thoughtful kitten. "Mother Tabby," she said, "would it not be much better if the lady who turned us out did not teach the two little girls about Africa, but taught them to catch mice?"

"You are a good kitten," said the cat, who was washing Blackie's face as if she wanted to make the white spot on his nose larger, which she never could do.

"There is something in what you say. I have seen the little girls drawing with pencils, and I hear them making a noise with the piano; but if they learned to catch mice, how much happier they would be! Now the little boy next door is better taught, for he seems to catch mice nearly as well as I do. I never see any but gray ones, but he has beautiful white ones, all in a cage."

This description made such an impression upon poor Tom, that he howled aloud with longing to see the white mice.

"You shall not go to see them, unless you are good enough," said the old cat.

Then the kittens said to each other, "Don't, don't, don't get into mischief any more." And Tom said he would go at once to Africa, for as Spot said something had stirred behind it, there might be a great deal to be learned; and the little girls had gone out, after petting and playing with the kittens.

When Tom arrived safely on the schoolroom table, he looked up at the big German map of Africa.

There was no sound, so he looked about, and found the quill pen, and chewed its feathers until he remembered that he might be getting into mischief.

Then he stood up against the globe, and it turned away from his paws, and he slipped down. What was that? There was a noise behind the map. Tom listened.

The window was open, and perhaps the breeze had stirred the map, which was propped behind the globe against the wall. Or could the rustling be made by mice? He touched the map with his paw.

Suddenly there was a great bound inside, and the head of Spot came right out through the middle of Africa. And out jumped Blackie from another corner.

They also had gone in pursuit of their studies and of possible mice and fun. But they had gone to study behind the map, and the study had turned into play.

Spot looked so funny peeping out through the middle of the map, that Tom could not resist standing up to box her; and they had a regular Punch-and-Judy play before the map fell down on the table and Tom crept from under it with his tail thick.

Blackie, who was the thoughtful kitten, was the first to remember that this was mischief and they were losing their chance of the great treat.

They went straight down to Mother Tabby looking very much like the famous three kittens who "all began to cry."

"We have torn the big map," they mewed. "Oh! whatever will Miss Brown say?"

"But it was my fault," said Spot, "because I put my head through it."

"No," said Tom, "it was my fault, for I touched the front with my paw just when poor Spot was at the back, and it must have sounded just like a mouse."

"But still I don't like to say," said Blackie slowly, for she was a thoughtful kitten, "that it was I that brought Spot to Africa just when Tom had gone up. Spot would be going the other way and surely natural history, for the rest, had been satisfying him in a hurry."

"Oh! you dear little kittens," said the cat; "you have at last learned something. You have learned to tell me at once about the mischief; and not to throw the blame on each other. I like little kittens that say 'It was my fault.'

"It is so unlike what some people do, when they break the china and say it was the cat. So now we shall go at once round into the next-door garden.

"We shall get on the fence, and peep in at the window of the wooden house where they keep the tools and the garden-roller. The glass of the little window is rather dirty, but I can clean it with my paw.

"And you shall see the white mice on the shelf inside. But mind, you must try not to want to eat them: it would be nearly as bad as wishing for the canary."

And that was how the three kittens were good enough to be taken to see the white mice next door.

A LIFT INTO LAZYLAND.

Three times already I have told you, little folks, about certain strange lands, and I wonder now if you will like this present one "Lazyland"—as well, or better, than the other three.

Where is Lazyland? for very many people would journey there, I fancy, did they but know where it lay, or it it were possible for train or ship to carry them there.

But the way there is too cold in winter, and too hot in summer. In Lazyland the houses are covered with pancakes, the doors and walls are made of gingerbread, and the posts and beams of roast beef. What we can buy here for one dollar costs only a farthing there.

Around each house there is a hedge of the finest chocolate. Lemonade and gingerbeer can be drawn from all the pumps and wells.

Freshly-baked rolls, with raisins and currants in them, grow on the beech trees and in the meadows, and under the trees flow rivulets of most delicious milk. Every now and then the rolls drop into this, and thus make fairy bread and milk at once.

Oh, wouldn't all you little folks like to taste it! Come along, then, only don't forget each to bring a spoon with you. The fish in Lazyland swim ready-cooked on the top of the water and quite close to the shore, and if a really lazy body is too idle to stoop and pick one up, he need but say "Hi, hi!" and a fish will at once hop into his hand.

Of course, you can believe this or not, as you like; also what I tell you further. The birds—geese, turkeys, pigeons, and wild fowl are ready-roasted, flying about in the air, and if it is too much trouble to grasp one, you only need open your mouth, and a wee birdie will pop in!

But the funniest thing is to see the many plum-puddings toddling about with a knife and fork tucked snugly in them that a slice may be taken at any time by anyone not too idle to do so. Then the stones—what do you think they are?

Just tiny wee dumplings of flour and butter, and some are mixed with finely-minced meat. In the winter, when it rains, honey alone streams down; when it snows, the finest powdered sugar covers up everything; and when it hails, the drops are lump sugar, mixed with figs, almonds, and raisins.

You may shake money from the trees as you would shake plums. There are also large woods and heaths in this land, where the most lovely garments, useful and ornamental, of all colors and sizes, grow upon the trees and bushes, so that one need only go and pick or pull down whatever is wanted, either for men, women or children.

There are also lovely springs and bathing-places in this wondering land, which are said to have the property of making old people young again in three days' time.

There is no lack of fun and amusement in Lazyland. You may play, sing, and dance all day long, and when tired just fall asleep as often as you like.

For every hour you sleep you receive two shillings, and whoever can sleep twenty-four hours at a stretch is rewarded with the Sluggard's Medal, of which they think a great deal.

The greatest blockhead who can do nothing, and is proud and conceited about it, can easily make his fortune, for the silliest and laziest person is chosen as king, and receives an immense income.

And now you know how one fares in Lazyland, and if you wish to go there you should ask a blind man or a man that is dumb, for the latter can certainly not tell you the wrong way.

Only there is a wall of boiled rice as high as a mountain around the whole country side, and if you wish to go in or out you must eat a way right through this wall; and it is not everybody who would succeed in doing this.

Do you think you could?

The World's Events.

There have been fourteen Popes since 1700.

Eighty-five per cent. of lame people are affected on the left side.

Whiskers were not worn in 1712. Ladies rode in hat and feathers, coats and periwigs.

In Denmark the life-saving stations are all supplied with oil for stilling the waves in storms.

The tallest and the shortest people in Europe, the Norwegians and the Laps, live side by side.

In Turkey red hair is regarded as beautiful, and very many women dye their hair that tint.

Electricity, in its various forms of application, is said to give employment to five million persons.

Among the supplies sent to our missionaries in foreign parts the bicycle now takes a prominent place.

Of the total working expenses of the railways over 60 per cent. goes in various ways to the wage-earners.

Pulcheria, empress of the Eastern Empire, was the first woman on record to have her face pictured on a coin.

The willow is one of the most adaptable of plants. A willow switch stuck in the wet ground will almost invariably take root.

According to a contemporary, two wealthy Hebrews of Bagdad now own between them all that remains of the ancient city of Babylon.

An ostrich will never go straight to its nest, but always approaches it with many windings, in order, if possible, to conceal the locality from observation.

A celebrated engineer is going to outplan the Great Eastern. His latest idea is to build a steamer 1,000 feet long and 300 feet broad with a draught of 26 feet.

To have an invention protected all over the world it is necessary to take out sixty-four patents in as many different countries, the estimated cost of which is about $18,000.

The Armenians claim direct descent from Noah, on the ground that he settled in their country after the Flood. Armenia has been conquered successively by forty-two different nations.

For a wager three men recently tested their water-drinking powers. The winner swallowed twelve quarts, the second nine, and the third seven. All died very soon after their feat was over.

There is such a deep-rooted dislike among the paupers of Ireland to enter the workhouse that in one county, for instance, there are only 1,000 persons in the workhouses. These have room all together for 3,000.

In the Thames estuary, on the coast of Essex, primitive thorn hooks are still used. Each thorn has about an inch of hogwarn twisted round it, and the lines so baited are laid about fifty yards from the shore at low tide.

It is doubtful whether the horse is now found anywhere in its native state, the wild horse of the steppes of Tartary and other regions of the Old World being possibly descendants of animals escaped from domestication.

Cork trees are not strong enough to stand the operation of barking till they are fifteen years old. After that time they may be barked every three years without detriment, and will continue to thrive and bear for about 150 years.

Artificial ears are made of a specially prepared rubber. Flesh-colored in the rough, they are painted by hand in exact imitation of the remaining ear of the unfortunate customer, and as carefully "touched" and marked as an artist's picture.

Earthquakes occasionally profit mankind, as in the case of Onzoun-Ada, a town on the Caspian. The port of the town was visited by an earthquake last year, and since then it has been found open to steamers which could not enter it before, owing to the shallow water.

Perhaps the most curious fire insurance claim ever made was that of a lady who considered herself entitled to the sum of half-a-guinea, the value of a plum-pudding and a saucepan that had been burnt in her kitchen. The accident had resulted through the cook forgetting to put any water in the saucepan.

In continued use of the eyes, during such work as sewing, type-setting, book-keeping, reading and studying, the saving point is looking up from the work at short intervals and gazing at surrounding objects. This may be practised every ten or fifteen minutes. By thus relieving the muscular tension the eyes are rested and the blood supply becomes much better.

M. Pesce, an ingenious Frenchman, has proposed a novel way of reaching the Pole. On the assumption that the Esquimaux method of crossing [illegible] that Bruges to be [illegible] to [illegible] purpose in taking a long line of small balloons [illegible] the edge of the sand of icebergs. He would come up occasionally to [illegible], blow [illegible] and blow up anything that he could not go under or get over.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY W. M.

Unmet, unseen by all now on this sphere
The once loved form whose dust is sleeping here;
Thrice fifty years unto the past have fled
Since in this space was laid the honored dead.
"Our Mother," and that she deserved the name,
Carved lines upon the upright stone proclaim
How love with kindred virtues filled her breast.
Her dust lies here, her spirit's with the blest.
Now blossoms smile in garden, field and tree;
What place more fit; 'twould surely pleasure be
To place a flower upon her honored tomb,
Emblem of love a mother's love in bloom;
Maternal love so fragrant on life's road,
A mother she, the noblest work of God.

OF BLIND FOLK.

A sturdy, thick-set frame, arms on which the swelling muscles stand out in balls—in fact, as finely built and powerful a young fellow as you could wish to see, as he does a series of half-arm and straight-arm balances on the parallel bars.

"Nothing very extraordinary in that," you will say. Yes, but look again. The poor boy is stone-blind, as he has been since fever destroyed his sight at five years of age. So, too, are all the rest of these seven or eight performers in the gymnasium. Shut your eyes and keep them tightly shut whilst you try to do a circle on the horizontal or a swing on the trapeze. That may help you to realize how marvellous are the performances of these blind boys.

At one school for the blind, and other similar places, blind boys and girls learn to do many things that must be seen to be believed. They play baseball with a ball attached to a long string, and football with a bell inside the ball. At another institute, some of the pupils enjoy bicycling, each string of three being guided by a sighted rider.

Cards blind people delight in. Cribbage and even whist are favorite games. The cards are easily distinguished by means of an ingenious little device in blind type on the back of each. A. S., for instance, stands for the Ace of Spades; 7 H. for the seven of Hearts, and so on. Of course, the cards are called as they are played. Draughts and chessmen are easily adapted for blind players by a little knob on the top of each black piece; and dominoes naturally lend themselves to the amusement of sightless persons.

Perhaps what most strikes one is being shown over a blind school is the ease with which the inmates find their way about, running up and down stairs and going in and out of narrow passages and doorways with the greatest facility. They don't stretch out their hands in front of themselves, or walk uncertainly, yet they seem never to run into one another or hurt themselves against walls or corners. Self-reliance is, indeed, the keynote of blind education.

Blind children's memories might be envied by ordinary boys and girls. Many of them can repeat whole pages of poetry after hearing them read two or three times only. They learn to read, of course, with raised type, not nowadays with the ordinary letters, but with what is called Braille type; and writing not with pen and ink, but on a kind of pocket type-writer or cyclostyle. Some take to the ordinary type-writer, and one boy stone-blind can actually do sixty words a minute on a machine that differs from the ordinary only in the letters of the key-board being slightly in relief.

Music is the great joy and employment of the blind. The writer heard an orchestra of twenty performers playing really difficult pieces in perfect time and tune. They learn by touch from music written in relief. One boy who has taken to piano tuning as a means of livelihood has a numerous clientele, and finds his way about all over the city alone.

It is quite marvellous to watch the deftness of the blind girls who make ropes. Their fingers fly like lightning as they twist the tough fibres. And such dainty baskets, too, they make, with never a mistake in plaiting or finishing. Blind men and boys work at making mats on looms in a room which, though airy, is underground and so dark that the writer kept stumbling over the bundles of coil and other raw material on the floor. It was positively uncanny to hear the sounds of busy industry in the thick gloom.

Brush-making isn't the easiest work in the world even for persons with sight. Delicate bunches of fibre and bristles have to be carefully sorted, trimmed, inserted in the perforated backs, and tied in. Thousands of dollars worth of brushes of all sorts are turned out each year by blind labor in one establishment alone.

In the shop is a time-keeper, blind like the rest of them. On asking him the time, he pulled out his watch and, delicately touching it with a finger-tip, said in an instant, "Sixteen minutes past four." The writer tried the experiment himself with his eyes shut, and only succeeded in moving the hour-hand out of its proper place.

To conclude, here is an instance of the marvellous instinct of locality possessed by some blind people. A miner had been charitably kept on in a Cornish tin mine after the accident which destroyed his sight. A sudden inrush of water flooded a large part of the workings, and this blind man saved the lives of fifteen of his fellow-workers by leading them through old, and by them unknown, passages to the light of day.

IN PALACE AND COTTAGE.—A certain peasant and his wife, in Germany, were married on the same day as the Emperor and Empress, the peasant's Christian name being William. Their first child, a boy, was born on the same day as the Crown Prince, after which they had five other sons, each of whom was born at the same time as the five younger boys of the Emperor.

The royal couple were informed of this, and were exceedingly interested in the very strange coincidence, but this interest was intensified when, on the last occasion of a royal birth—namely, the little daughter of the Emperor—it was learned that the peasant's wife in question had also given birth to a daughter on the same day.

So astonished were the Emperor and Empress that they stood as godfather and godmother to this little girl, and have well provided for her future.

Grains of Gold.

Small beginnings may lead to large ends.

Little troubles are big troubles to little men.

Seek not every quality in one individual

There is no sin that dies a harder death than pride.

The loafer never blames the right man for his bad luck.

The man who is envious of evil doers will soon be an evil doer himself.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.

A better thing than "hitching your wagon to a star," is to put your hand in the hand that moves the star.

In order to arrive at a certain point at a certain time, it is not necessary to run fast, it is only necessary to start in good time.

Philosophy easily triumphs over the misfortunes which are past and to come but those which are present triumph over philosophy.

Any worship that does not have man for its ultimate object, that does not tend to uplift him and make him juster, wiser, kinder, is idolatry.

Femininities.

Nuns usually live to a great age.

A Putnam, Conn., couple are the parents of twenty-six children, twenty-three of whom are living.

"You are the dearest little wife that ever lived," remarked Newlywed to his bride as the bills began coming in.

When some people do wrong, they waste a lot of time in trying to convince themselves that it isn't wrong.

The epitaph a man works in his wife's face seldom corresponds with the one dear friends have written on his tombstone.

The youth, sceptically: Can you keep a secret? The maid, convincingly: Just let me tell you some of the secrets I am keeping.

He, impetuously: For the eighth time I ask you to marry me! She, composedly: And for the eighth time I must say this is so sudden!

One of the largest salt works in Oklahoma is owned and operated by two young women, who expect to pay their way through college from the profits of their business.

Miss Ethel Rebecca Benjamin, LL. B., aged twenty-five, of Dunedin, New Zealand, having passed the bar examination, is the first woman admitted to practice as a barrister and solicitor in Australian courts.

Overheard at a wedding. Perplexed parson, trying to sort the right couple, to a morose-looking gentleman standing by: Have you come to give the bride away, sir? The morose-looking gentleman, grimly: No; but I could if I liked.

An English paper says that Florence Nightingale "received her Christian name from the town in which she was born—Florence, Italy. Her name is not Nightingale, but Shore, her father being a Nottingham banker who inherited the estates of Peter Nightingale on the condition that he assume the name."

Ladies in Canada will soon be able to practise as barristers, for the Ontario Law society has passed rules to this effect, but makes the following regulation as to their dress in court: They must be bareheaded, have a black gown over a black dress, and wear white collars and cuffs.

"If you wish to retain your situation, Mr. Piper, it will be necessary to pay more attention to your personal appearance. You look as though you had not shaved for a week." "But I am growing a beard, sir." "That's no excuse, sir. You must do that sort of thing out of business hours."

The bronze statue of Harriet Beecher Stowe, which will soon be erected in Hartford, Conn., will be 12 feet high, and will represent Mrs. Stowe seated with a suppliant figure of Uncle Tom stretching forth a pair of brawny arms, from which hang broken shackles. The statue is the work of W. Clark Noble.

A young fellow recently wrote to his newly-acquired mother-in-law as follows: "I send you by express to-day one of Maud's first biscuits, that you may note the effect of your culinary instruction. I would send it by mail, that you might get it sooner; but the postal regulations prohibit the transmission of articles weighing more than four pounds."

One of the most remarkable women in Pennsylvania is Mrs. Mary Ann Cassidy, of Coalport, Clearfield County, who is now one hundred and five years of age. She was the mother of thirteen boys and five girls; nine are living and nine are dead. She gave a birth to four twins. Mrs. Cassidy was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1792, emigrating with her husband and family to this country in 1845.

Although the Queen does not permit smoking in her immediate neighborhood, yet she keeps on hand a stock of the most superb Havana cigars for her guests, and the consumption thereof is about 3,000 a year. They are specially made for her Majesty of the most carefully collected tobacco leaves, and when finished are hermetically sealed in glass tubes In order to guard against deterioration, connoisseurs insisting that the Havana leaf is affected by a change of climate.

A wedding feast is an important ceremony in France among all classes of society. Even among the very poorest of the Parisians a wedding banquet is the occasion for a reckless expenditure of money in the purchase of wine and viands. In Brittany a wedding is even a more gorgeous affair than in Paris. At a recent wedding ceremony in Brittany the guests numbered 1,200, and three bullocks, thirty-six calves, and five sheep were slaughtered to provide them with meat. Wine was consumed in large quantities, and, in addition, forty barrels of cider were emptied.

Catechism for the younger children, previous to the arrival of their guests: Mother, Who is coming to-morrow, my child?

Child: Dear little cousins.

Mother: What are you going to do to your little cousins, my child?

Child: I am going to love them and kiss them.

Mother: And what are you not going to do, my child?

Child: I am not going to kick them, nor tumble them on the floor, nor drag them along by their hair, nor be unkind at all, nor tease them, nor take their toys away, like I did on my birthday party, because it's unkind and naughty.

Masculinities.

In spite of the closest espionage the diamond mining companies of South Africa lose, it is said, $1,000,000 a year by theft.

Nell: That Mr. Softleigh makes me tired. Why do you go walking so much with him? Belle: Well, you know he's a perfect stick.

A boy who recently died at the age of thirteen, in Indiana, from excessive smoking, had consumed in the past five years 40,000 cigarettes.

King Alfonso of Spain is now ten years old. He comes of age, according to the Spanish constitution, when he is fifteen, and the queen's regency, therefore, has but five years to run.

Brown: Met Jones yesterday. First time since he's been married. Robinson: Did you ask him whether two can live as cheaply as one? Brown: He wouldn't know; he'd have to ask his father-in-law.

The word "costermonger" was originally "costardmonger"—that is to say, apple-seller. Their noisy manners were commented upon in Queen Elizabeth's day. There are now over thirty thousand "costers" in London.

Rev. W. F. Creeny, a Church of England clergyman, who died recently at the age of 72 years, never held a living of more than $400 a year, and yet he managed to travel all over Europe and acquired a high reputation as an archæologist.

In Japan etiquette comes into force even with such an apparently simple matter as entering a gate. If you are a man of the highest rank, you enter by the centre and largest gate; if not, you go in by one of the two side gates which flank it.

Among the treasures of the Passamaquoddy, Me., tribe of Indians is a letter from George Washington, written from his army on the banks of the Delaware, December 24, 1776, in which he expresses his pleasure that the Passamaquoddies had accepted "the chain of friendship he sent them the preceding February.

After the death of Prince Albert the Queen went to the Highlands, and one of her first visits was to a widowed peasant woman. The two cried together, and when the old woman begged pardon for not controlling her feelings, the Queen said she was thankful to cry with somebody who knew exactly how she felt.

Oliver Wendell Holmes kept on hand a little pile of autograph extracts from his writings, and, when a visitor had reached the extreme limit of a call, yet seemed unaware of the fact, the doctor would kindly hand him one of these extracts, courteously asking him to keep it as a keepsake. "They can't stop after that, however tough," he said. "I call the extracts 'lubricant,' it greases the way to send them off."

George House, a young man formerly of Kansas City, who a year ago went to the Sac and Fox agency, Oklahoma territory, to clerk in the large general store owned by Mrs. Fannie Whisler, the wealthiest member of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians, has married Pauline Whisler, her daughter. The bride is handsome, has been educated in Eastern seminaries, owns much land herself, and will inherit one of the largest fortunes in the territory.

According to an ex sergeant of police, detectives detailed to look after shoplifters, pickpockets, and "professionals" of that class, always look to see if their suspects are wearing gloves. A "professional" never works with his gloves on. A detective caught sight of one of these men whom he knew in a street the other day, followed him up quickly, only to come to a sudden halt as he reached the man. "He is all right now, he is not working," he said; "he has his gloves on."

Eleven years ago to-day Joe Kirby came to Sioux Falls a young man without education and without a cent in his pocket. He brought with him only an invincible determination, an untiring energy and an uncontrollable ambition to attain wealth and position. To-day he was sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years at hard labor, having been convicted of having knowingly received stolen goods with the purpose of converting them to his own use. So speaks a paper of that city of one of its late residents.

It is said that nine St. Louis drummers have equipped a private car with as many up-to-date boudoirs, lockers and shelves, and a kitchen and storeroom, which holds not only samples of their wares, but all kinds of choice refreshments. In this car those nine St. Louis drummers, representing, of course, nine different lines of goods, propose to travel over their route, stopping, as usual, at Wayback and Jonestown and Smithville as of yore, but not at the inns which the inhabitants dignify with the name of hotel.

Dr. Ranke, the distinguished anthropologist, recently undertook to describe the physical characteristics of the earliest men, as ascertained from the examination of prehistoric graves. They were of a yellowish color, he said, and had coarse hair. Their heads were peculiarly shaped, the portion of the skull which contains the brain being larger relatively to the face, while the face was small. They had, in addition, numerous other peculiarities, prominent among which was the rudimentary or undeveloped condition of the third molar, or back grinder tooth.

Latest Fashion Phases.

There is no question of keeping off the sun by mean of the parasols with which the summer girl is filling her trunks for the coming campaign. Her aim is simply to make her costume as fluffy and highly colored as possible, and the parasol is decidedly an aid in accomplishing the general effect.

One of the most gorgeous of the season is the "sunburst" parasol, which is a mass of elaborate fluting. Then there is the parasol composed entirely of chiffon and ruffled from centre to edge. Only a shade less elaborate is the design of brocaded silk or satin, lined with a contrasting shade and decorated with frills of chiffon, bunches of artificial flowers or now and then a group of ostrich tips.

A particularly popular fancy is that the morning parasols shall match the shirt waist with which they are worn, as the summer girl still clings to the most comfortable morning costume which she has ever known.

Thus the new parasols are made of chambray, linen, muslin and mull, and are prettily lined with silk of becoming shades. The number of these dainty articles necessary to the summer girl's outfit has not yet been computed.

The fancy work of the day is in two distinct varieties, with lines sharply drawn between the truly artistic and the reverse, which is anything not expensive, requiring no special skill, and simply a means of passing away the time without much thought of the result.

Something called "giant work" is a large cross stitch worked in various patterns in soft art colors on a basket canvas. "Serge work" is another fancy, which is simply a long loop of silk or wool caught down by another stitch.

Ecru net is employed in various ways as a foundation for linen braid tracing designs, filled in with darning, and for linen applique figures finished on the edge with fancy stiches. Silk and linen threads are worked in together with good effect. Conventional patterns in all the wall paper designs seem to be in great favor, but the pretty French work of pompadour roses, forget me nots and Louis XV. bouquets is very much more attractive.

Emerald green suede belts are offered as a novelty with which to enliven white and ecru duck and other outing suits. These belts are two inches wide and have nickled harness buckles. With them the necktie and hat band must correspond. Mechanical contrivances for adjusting hatbands in a moment are for sale at auction counters.

The sleeves of the evening gowns of the season may be either long—very long and snug—or, snug and ending just over the elbow, or—not at all. Evening gloves are not to be the extra length one would fancy necessary to supplement the lack of sleeves, but quite short, barely reaching to the elbow; a very pretty fashion, for almost every woman's upper arm is pretty, even if it be thin.

Black is still clung to fondly, although it has lost its distinction and novelty two seasons ago. One of the handsome frocks that a matronly friend takes to Newport is of black chiffon over black silk, with a slight train. An embroidery done in iridescent beads of green and gold ornaments the whole front panel, in some lights glowing softly and in others scintillating with every movement.

The decolletage is square and the corsage of chiffon accordion plaited and blousing somewhat under three bands of the embroidery; the sleeves are unlined mosquetaire ones and edging the wrists and also the corsage is a narrow ruche of green silk. A bit of the green and three ostrich tips of green and black are at one side of the square cut bodice.

A black lace blouse, to be worn with a pale gray mousseline de soie skirt, arranged in solid pleatings, has an implacement about the shoulders of gray velvet embroidered with jet and steel with a steel fringe; the stock and girdle are of coral silk.

An equally pretty blouse is of white lace belted with turquoise silk and with turquoise frills and stock. These two blouses are both "unattached," but not to be worn with a black skirt—mark ye—but with a pale gray or a white silk, sunburst plaited one or with any color, in fact, but black, and that is absolutely interdicted. Its crime, poor thing, was that it was useful, a virtue that the fashion never allows its servants.

For less dressy evening gowns for less dressy occasions dimity and muslins hold their own. This summer season is essentially a muslin one, and nothing is so pretty and girlish as the dainty things. The white muslin with the blue sash that our grandmother's wore is not at all out of date.

The skirt has three deep flounces of muslin over a foundation of blue silk. The bodice is cut quite low and round, with a ruching of white that has a little vine of artificial blue flowers running through it. From the ruche to the waist the bodice is bloused with vertical insertions let in so that the blue shows through.

The sleeves are shirred snugly to the arm with a butterfly of muslin at the shoulder held by the blue bows that stand up perkily; they end just below the elbow with a ruche and the blue flowers like that about the decolletage. A folded sash of blue moire is narrow about the waist, but has side fringed ends that fall to the hem of the skirt and short wide loops. A string of pearls with a turquoise clasp is an appropriate gem to wear with this quaint, old-timey gown.

A lilac dimity over silk of the same color has a low-cut bodice composed of alternating tucks arranged in fours and frills of pale yellow ribbon. The tucks come first and the decollettage is finished just by a narrow bit of lace. The bodice closes on the side under a jabot of lace and ribbons. The sleeves are long, unlined shirred ones with narrow lace ruffles separating each shirring. A full skirt has a yoke composed of shirrings with lace between, as on the sleeves, and two frills of ribbon about the hem with a big bow over one foot. The sash bow fastens on the side of the jabot.

The red frock is a brilliant creation; a scarlet silk petticoat has about the hem several inches deep red chiffon frills arranged in scallops; an accordion-plaited overdress ends just above the frills.

Chiffon frills running about the bodice horizontally, and tight sleeves formed by narrower frills and almost covering the fingers, make up the decollete bodice and a narrow band of small white flowers outline the decolletage and stray over one shoulder. A high white satin belt fastening with a small square bow clasps the waist.

White as a trimming is very effective and little touches of it like these on the red frock are a new conceit.

Another evening frock ready for the summer's campaign is of green satin veiled by black net upon which is embroidered a design of orchids in jet, coral and steel. Jet girdles the waist and jet butterflies, catching up folds of a vivid green velvet, serve as sleeves.

An accordion-plaited white satin skirt is encrusted with yellowish lace motifs, the lace blouse banded about the waist with an orange silk sash with long ends.

An evening blouse of black mousseline de soie for this same skirt has two very wide bands of handsome white guipure, one about the bust and the other lower. Wide lace revers laid over bright green finish the decollettage and form the sleeves, and the belt is a scarf of lace knotted on the side.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Sunburn.—(1) Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar candy, one pound of ox gall; mix and stir well for ten minutes or so, and repeat this stirring three or four times a day for a fortnight, till it appears clear and transparent. Strain through blotting paper, and bottle up for use. It is said that strawberries rubbed over the face at night will remove freckles and sunburn.

(2) Wash the face at night with either sour milk or buttermilk, and in the morning with weak tea and a little eau-de-cologne. This will soften the skin and remove the redness, and will also make it less liable to burn again with exposure to the sun. Bathing the face several times in the day with elder flower water and a few drops of eau-de-cologne is very efficacious.

(3) Put two spoonfuls of sweet cream into half a pint of new milk; squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, add half a glass of genuine French brandy, a little alum and loaf sugar; boil the whole, skim it well, and, when cold, it is fit for use.

Pomade for the Hair.—(1) Ingredients: one quarter pound of lard; five cents worth of castor oil; scent. Mode: Let the lard be unsalted; beat it up well; then add the castor oil, and mix thoroughly together with a knife, adding a few drops of any scent that may be preferred. Put the pomatum into pots, which keep well covered to prevent it turning rancid.

(2) A flask of salad oil, one and a half ounces of spermaceti, half ounce of white wax; scent as desired. Cut up the white wax and spermaceti into small pieces, and put them into the oven to melt with a small quantity of the oil. When the lumps have disappeared, and all the ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated, pour in the remainder of the oil and the scent, and stir with a spoon until cold.

(3) Three ounces of olive oil, three quarters of a drachm of oil of almonds, two drachms of palm oil, half an ounce of white wax, a quarter of a pound of lard, and three quarters of a drachm of essence of bergamot. This pomade is excellent for strengthening the hair, promoting the growth of whiskers and mustaches, and preventing baldness.

(4) Take one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of castor oil, four ounces of olive oil, and five cents worth of bergamot, and melt them together in a pot placed in boiling water, stirring the mixture all the while; when thoroughly mixed, pour the mixture into pots while hot.

The Teeth.—The teeth need brushing at least before going to bed every night, and are better for being cleansed after each meal. Tartar can be removed by using pumice stone reduced to powder, rubbing it on the teeth with a bit of soft wood made into a brush.

When the gums are sensitive, there is nothing better than the chalk and myrrh dentifrice. Where the top of a tooth is very sensitive, wet a bit of chalk and lay it under the lip.

Where the breath is offensive the mouth should be rinsed with water in which an atom of permangenate of potash has been dissolved; just enough to be used to make the water pink. Take care not to swallow any, as it is a poison.

Crooked teeth in children can often be straightened, without applying to a dentist, if the parents watch the teeth when coming through, and several times a day press the crooked one into position. Of course where the arch of the mouth is defective, the upper teeth protruding over the under lip, or the under jaw projects, the services of a skilful dentist will be required. It is only after the permanent teeth arrive that such operations are performed.

Rose Bandoline for the Hair.—Of gum tragacanth, six ounces, or one and one-half ounces; of rose water, one gallon, or two pints; of attar of roses, one-half ounce, or one drachm; steep the gum in the water for a day or so; as it swells or forms a gelatinous mass, it must from time to time be well agitated.

After about forty eight hours' maceration, it is then to be squeezed through a coarse, clean linen cloth, and again left to stand for a few days; then pass it through the cloth for a second time, to insure uniformity of consistency; when this is the case, the attar of roses is to be thoroughly incorporated. Almond bandoline is made precisely as the above, scenting with a quarter of an ounce of attar of almonds in place of the roses.

Eruptions on the Face.—Dissolve an ounce of borax in a quart of water, and apply this with a fine sponge every evening before going to bed. This will smooth the skin when the eruptions do not proceed from an insect working under the cuticle.

Many persons' faces are disfigured by red eruptions caused by a small creature working under the skin. A very excellent remedy is to take the flour of sulphur and rub it on the face dry, after washing it in the morning. Rub it well with the fingers, and then wipe it off with a dry towel. There are many who are not a little ashamed of their faces, who can be cured if they follow these directions.

Chapped Hands.—(1) To cure chapped hands, take common starch and rub it into a fine, smooth powder, put it in a clean tin box, and every time the hands are removed from dish water or hot suds, rinse them carefully in clean water, and while they are damp, rub a pinch of starch over them, covering the whole surface.

(2) Melt spermaceti, one drachm, with almond oil, one ounce; and add powdered camphor, one drachm. It will be improved by adding a couple of drachms of glycerine, using as much less of the almond oil.

(3) One-half ounce of glycerine with same amount of alcohol. Mix, and add four ounces of rose water. Bottle, and shake well. An excellent remedy for rough or chapped hands.

To Sweeten the Breath.—From six to ten drops of the concentrated solution of chloride of soda in a wineglassful of spring water, taken immediately after the ablutions of the morning are completed, will sweeten the breath by disinfecting the stomach, which, far from being injured, will be benefitted by the medicine.

If necessary, this may be repeated in the middle of the day. In some cases the odor from carious teeth is combined with that of the stomach. If the mouth is well rinsed with a teaspoonful of the chloride in a tumbler of water, the bad odor of the teeth will be removed.

Bay Rum.—Saturate one-quarter pound of carbonate of magnesia with oil of bay; pulverize the magnesia, place it in a filter, and pour water through it until the desired quantity is obtained, then add alcohol. The quantity of water and alcohol employed depends on the desired strength and quantity of the bay rum.

Another: Oil of bay, ten fluid drachms; oil of pimento, one fluid drachm; acetic ether, two fluid drachms; alcohol, three gallons; water, two and a half gallons. Mix, and after two weeks' repose, filter.

To Curl the Hair.—There is no preparation which will make naturally straight hair assume a permanent curl. The following will keep the hair in curl for a short time: Take borax, two ounces; gum arabic, one drachm; and hot water, not boiling, one quart; stir, and, as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor.

On retiring to rest, wet the hair with the above liquid, and roll in twists of paper as usual. Do not disturb the hair until morning, when untwist and form into ringlets.

Black Spots on the Face.—The black spots on the face are not always what are called flesh worms. What are mistaken for them are produced in this way: The skin may be coarse, and the ducts, being large, collect the perspiration, which hardens and blackens, and hence the common supposition of there being grubs or maggots in the skin.

The remedy is simple. Clean the part affected by squeezing out the substance that is lodged, and then use a lotion of diluted spirits of wine several times a day, until the blotches have disappeared. If they are really flesh worms take something to purify your blood—sulphur or sarsaparilla.

Moth Patches.—(1) It is said that the drinking of hard cider—two or three glasses per day—will remove moth spots. At least, so writes a correspondent who has tried it with success. While drinking the cider let tea and coffee alone.

(2) Moth patches may be removed from the face by the following remedy: Into a pint bottle of rum put a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur. Apply this to the patches once a day, and they will disappear in two or three weeks.

(3) Bathe face two or three times a day in borax water; a teaspoonful of powdered borax in a basin of warm water.

Cold Cream.—This is a simple and cooling ointment, exceedingly serviceable for rough or chapped hands, or for keeping the skin soft. It is very easily made. Take half an ounce of white wax, and put it into a small basin, with two ounces of almond oil.

When quite melted add two ounces of rose water. This must be done very slowly, little by little, and, as you pour it in, beat the mixture smartly with a fork to make the water incorporate. When all is incorporated, the cold cream is complete, and you may pour it into jars for future use.

Scent Powder.—A good receipt for scent powder to be used for wardrobes, boxes, etc., far finer than any mixture sold at the shops, is the following: Coriander, orris root, rose leaves, and aromatic calamus, each one ounce; lavender flowers, ten ounces; rhodium, one-fourth of a drachm; musk, five grains. These are to be mixed and reduced to a coarse powder. This scents clothes as if fragrant flowers had been pressed in their folds.

THERE is a voice, unheard by the natural ear, which speaks to human beings louder than the buzz of social conversation, louder than the tumult of the market-place, or even the roar of cannon in battle. It is a voice which the deaf can hear, and which the strongest of men cannot destroy. It is called "the still small voice;" but its stillness and smallness are really the elements of its greatness and power. All men have heard it, though all have not understood it or yielded to its demands.

New Publications.

"Iassoket and Anemon" is a philosophic ramble, arranged in dramatic dialogue form, by G. A. Hammond, a well-known Canadian writer. Its purpose is to combat the claims of modern science so far as they tend to undermine the Bible narrative, and the author writes strongly and well. Published at Kingsclear, Canada.

The eleventh number of "Art Idols of the Paris Salon," containing six large pictures of female figures, has been issued. The pictures include: "A Sculptor's Studio," "Apple Blossoms," "The Interrupted Sitting," "Sleep," "Paquerette" and "Virgin Love." The White City Art Co., Publishers, 611 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Appletons' "Popular Science Monthly" for July contains: "The Racial Geography of Europe. VI. France—The Teuton and the Celt," illustrated. "Forecasting the Progress of Invention," illustrated; "Some Facts About Wasps and Bees," illustrated; "The Principle of Economy in Evolution," "Wild Flowers of the California Alps," illustrated; "The History of Alcohol," illustrated; "The Planet Saturn," "The Mob Mind," "Are Scorpions Matricides and Suicides?" illustrated, and other valuable articles. Published at New York.

The June number of "Great Pictures" is now ready and contains "Le Guipier," by Bouguereau; "Les Indiscrets," and others. Each picture is 11x14 inches in size. The White City Art Co., Chicago, Ill.

A group of papers in the July "Century" deals with the hunting of large game. Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr describes his experience in India and Africa, including the hunting of elephant, rhinoceros and tiger. Other good articles are: "Hunting the Jaguar in Venezuela," "Sports in the Seventeenth Century," and "The Old English Masters," accompanied by Mr. Cole's wood engravings. They begin with Hogarth, and the frontispiece is a beautiful picture of Garrick and his wife done from the original in Windsor Castle. Dr. Weir Mitchell's serial story, "Hugh Wynne," brings the narrative down to the time of Arnold's treason. The first of a new group of illustrated papers on "Play in London," by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, deals with Earl's Court Garden. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer contributes an interesting paper on the interesting churches of Poitiers and Caen. The Century Company, New York.

Graysteel.

BY T. L. E.

IN a beautiful valley in the Highlands of Caithness, lies embosomed a small mountain tarn called the Loch of Ranag.

The hill of Bencheildt, which ascends abruptly from the water's edge, protects it on the north. On the south, it is overlooked by a chain of lofty mountains, individually named Scarabine, Morven, and the Pap, which form a natural barrier betwixt Sutherland and Caithness.

Morven, the highest in the range, is nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and turns up conspicuously over the neighboring summit like a huge pyramid.

The extensive wild lying between this magnificent chain of hills and Ranag is clothed in the autumnal season with rich purple heather; and here the plover and the grouse, the denizens of the solitary waste, live unmolested, except by the murderous gun of the sportsman.

Near the north edge of the loch to which we have just alluded, there is a small island, on which may still be seen the ruins of an old keep, or castle.

The last proprietor of this fortalice is said to have been a noted freebooter of the name of Graysteel, who kept the whole county in alarm by his predatory incursions from the Ord to Duncansby Head, and, like Rob Roy and others of the same stamp, rigorously exacted black mail, or protection money.

Tradition also reports that, besides being possessed of great bodily strength, he was an expert swordsman, and a person of such a jealous and tyrannical disposition, that none durst venture to hunt or shoot on his grounds without being challenged to single combat; and it may be added that none whom he encountered trespassing in this way ever escaped alive out of his hands.

In his time the law was virtually impotent in the Highlands, and private feuds and single combats were the main umpires where wrong was done or quarrels broke out. Hence the legend of which we are about to tell.

It happened that one of the family of Rollo, while pursuing his sport in that direction, one day unfortunately encroached on the sacred property of the robber.

Being informed by some of his retainers that a stranger was hunting on the west side of the lake, Graysteel immediately sallied forth, and, running up towards the sportsman with menacing looks and gestures, gave him the accustomed challenge.

Rollo saw he had no alternative but to give him combat, and being a high-spirited young man, he instantly drew his sword; and although he defended himself for some time with great skill and courage, it is needless to say that he sank at last, mortally wounded, under the more powerful arm of his antagonist.

The ruffian afterwards stripped the dead body of everything that was of any value, and then threw it into the loch.

The account of this melancholy occurrence, as soon as it reached the family and relatives of the unfortunate youth, plunged them into the deepest distress; but none did it inspire with more poignant regret than the young laird of Durie, who was his bosom friend, and had just been affianced to his sister, a very beautiful and interesting girl of sixteen.

The moment he heard of Rollo's tragical death, he determined to avenge it, although he knew he had little chance of surviving a personal encounter with such a desperado as Graysteel.

Accordingly, having furnished himself with a good Highland broadsword, and without communicating his intention to any one, he set off for the residence of the freebooter. Nor was the route he had to take, any more than the occasion of the journey, agreeable.

A trackless moor, of some miles in extent, lay between him and Ranag, so very bleak and barren, that, in the words of the poet,

The solitary bee
Flew there on restless wings,
Seeking in vain one blossom where to fix.

He had not gone far before he was overtaken by a severe storm, which rendered it impossible for him to continue his journey.

The wind, which blew at times with irresistible fury, and dashed the rain, mingled with hail, in his face, and howled like a maniac on the naked moor.

Clouds of turbid vapor, issuing, as it were, from a vast surface, hurried across the sky, and now and then the rolling of thunder, while it prognosticated a continuance of the storm, added not a little to its terrors.

Driven by the wind and battered by the rain, our traveler began anxiously to look around him for some place of shelter. At length, to his great joy, he espied, a few hundred yards distant, a small, solitary cottage, situated on the edge of the moor. Thither he immediately directed his steps, and, on entering, found its sole occupant to be a poor aged widow, who lived upon the gratuitous bounty of her neighbors.

There was something in her appearance, though bent down by years and infirmity, that spoke of better days.

On a small stool beside her lay the Bible, which she seemed to have been just reading.

She welcomed the stranger with a look of much cheerfulness, and kindly offered him such accommodation for the night as her scanty means could afford.

As the storm continued to rage with unabated violence, Durie gladly accepted the proffered hospitality, and in the meantime the venerable hostess did all in her power to make him comfortable, by putting an additional peat or two on the hearth, and furnishing him with something to eat.

On examining the scanty furniture of the apartment, which was now more distinctly seen by the light of a blazing turf-fire, he observed in one corner a very uncommon-looking sword, with the appearance of which he was not a little struck.

The blade and hilt were covered with a variety of strange characters and fantastic devices, plainly indicating that it was of foreign manufacture, and belonged to a remote period.

His curiosity was powerfully excited, and on asking the old woman how she came by such a magnificent weapon, she gave him the following particulars regarding it:

The sword, which had originally belonged to a noble Saracen, was that of her deceased husband, who had been a volunteer in the regiment of Highlanders that had gone over to Holland under the command of Lord Reay. He had received it as a present from a Polish Jew, whose life he had saved in a moment of extreme danger.

She, moreover, informed him that her husband, while on his death-bed, had strictly enjoined her not to sell or dispose of it in any way, but to preserve it as an heirloom of the family. There was, she said, magic in it.

On getting this account of the sword, Durie told the woman who he was, and the errand on which he was going, and begged of her to give him the use of it for a single day.

After much entreaty, she at last agreed to give it, on the condition that it should be strictly returned.

The storm, which was short lived in proportion to its violence, gradually died away towards morning; and at the first peep of day, our hero, who burned to measure weapons with the murderer of his friend, was up, and, with his enchanted sword firmly girt on his side, pursuing his solitary route across the moors.

His spirits were now buoyant with hope, and he beheld with a feeling of sympathy the universal gladness which, after the late convulsion of its elements, was diffused over the face of nature.

Our traveler was not long in reaching the brow of Bencheildt; and scarcely had he descended half way down the side fronting the castle when he was met by Graysteel, who, as usual, challenged him for intruding on his grounds, and desired him to draw and defend himself.

"Villain!" cried Durie, unsheating his weapon, which flashed in his hand like the Scandinavian monarch's celebrated eltin sword. "Villain! You wantonly slew my friend, and you shall atone for it with your heart's blood!"

The robber chief laughed scornfully at what he considered his empty bravado, and immediately made a thrust at his opponent, which the latter parried with admirable dexterity.

A desperate struggle ensued. Graysteel fought with the fury of an enraged mastiff, but young Durie pressed upon him so hard with his never-failing blade that he was obliged to give way, and at last received a mortal wound.

After this, the hero of our tale went immediately home, and having raised a body of stout followers, proceeded back to Ranag, took the castle, and nearly levelled it with the ground.

The denouement of this little story may be anticipated.

After a decent period for mourning had elapsed, Durie led his beautiful bride to the hymeneal altar. Nor, in the midst of his good fortune did he forget his good friend, the old woman of the moor.

The sword, which had proved so invaluable an auxiliary to him in the hour of need, he not only returned to her, but he took her under his protection and made her comfortable for the rest of her days.

Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours.

WAYS THAT AUTHORS WORK

The majority of authors, as many people may know, are quite unable to write except at such hours and in such ways as suit their particular temperaments, the methods and surroundings that suit one writer quite incapacitating another.

A very well known novelist invariably writes before rising. Every morning after breakfast he sits up in bed with a rug round his shoulders, and scribbles away till 2 P. M.

His bed-clothes show numerous blots, and witness to his having more than once upset his ink-bottle is borne by the quilt. He declares, however, that his is by far the best plan for concentrating his entire attention upon the work, inasmuch as he cannot let his gaze wander out of the window, and sudden temptations to leave off in the middle of work and go out of doors are annulled by having first to face the ordeal of dressing.

A well-known dramatist, too, wrote a portion of one of his most successful plays in bed. Many authors assert that their best ideas come to them while shaving.

Burlesque actors frequently get their notions for "gags" while making-up their faces, and scribble them with a stick of grease paint on the dressing-room looking-glass.

A highly popular playwright declares that immersion in hot water greatly stimulates his brain, and whenever he wants to think out a plot he lies at full length on his back in a hot bath. Not infrequently, too, he writes in his bedroom with his feet in a tub of hot water.

Some authors cannot write at all indoors. A popular novelist scribbles summer and winter either in his garden or on his balcony, in severe weather being warmly wrapped up.

When he wants to think out a love scene he goes for a moonlight walk, but, curiously enough, finds a thunderstorm equally inspiring.

A very widely read lady novelist writes seven months of the year on the Thames. Some years back she purchased an old disused railway car, removed the partitions, and had it fixed upon an old barge, and painted up.

It makes a capital house-boat. Boxes of flowers are on the roof, and within are her bed, chairs, book-shelves, and writing desk.

When she wishes to change the scene her craft is towed farther up stream. Her favorite position is in some secluded back-water, or in a nook below a weir, and here she has written some of her best books.

Somewhat similar are a well-known poet's methods. In fine weather he frequently rows himself out to sea, and scribbles for hours while the boat drifts at random.

A well-known dramatist always writes the last act of his play in the theatre, choosing the morning. He sits in the dress circle, and has the stage lighted and a scene set, on which he gazes at intervals. He considers this a great assistance to ideas, especially in arranging entrances, exits, etc.

Another novelist finds it impossible to write by daylight. On the other hand he cannot get ideas in the evening. Being convinced that the morning is the proper time for literary work he has devised a truly original method.

Every morning at ten o'clock he shuts the shutters, draws the curtains, excluding all the daylight, lights up his lamp, and scribbles away through the whole of a sunshiny day by lamplight.

About sunset he unbars the shutters, and lets in what daylight remains and goes for a long walk. His curious expedient appears to succeed, for he turns out three novels a year, besides scores of newspaper articles and an occasional melodrama. One book written in this way brought him in a very large sum.

ONLY ONCE A YEAR.—The feast of the dolls in Japan takes place on the third day of the third month. At this time all the dolls of the family, some of them hundreds of years old, are brought out, and for three days great festivities are carried on.

There are dolls dressed like the Mikado and his wife, in antique Court costumes, daimios, samurais, and so on down the social scale, each ancestry carried on with the greatest nicety and precision. Oftentimes all the household furniture in miniature is packed away with the dolls and brought out on a feast day.

At such times the trays, bowls, cups, and rice-baskets are filled with tiny scraps of food, and the dolls fare sumptuously during the three days of the feast.

A delicate drink, which is harmless, is brewed for this occasion, and everything is done for the household of dolls as carefully as if they were real creatures of flesh and blood.

The tiniest of combs and brushes and other toilet accessories, such as paint and powder, as well as the liquid for blackening the teeth, are provided.

For three days the girls run riot with their dolls and toys, and the latter are again locked up, to remain another year without seeing the light.

DAINTY.—Every animal and plant has its parasite, and from this general law, it seems, the tea-plant is not exempt. Two insects are described as spending this lives in tea-drinking. They are the plague and pest of the Assam tea-gardens, and are known as the "tea-bug" and "tea-mite."

The mites spend their entire lives on the tea-plant, and are never known to attack any other leaf.

They live in families and societies on the upper side of the full-grown leaf, and spin a delicate web for shelter. They then puncture the leaves and pump out the liquid in the plant's veins.

They seem to become very dainty in their tastes, for a sprinkling of muddy water over their floor and tea-table is the only remedy that is known to check their ravages. Even this, however, is not always effectual.

The tea-bug is still more destructive, and is evidently possessed of an appreciation of the best kinds of tea, since it always attacks those of a most delicate flavor. Such as afford harsh liquors are almost entirely free from its attacks.

Humorous.

THE CASE ALTERED.

They met upon the street one day,
Not having met before for years;
And once being neighbors therefore they
Talked o'er the past, its joys and tears.

"Do you still work for so and so?"
Was asked of one, who with a smile
Made this reply, "Not now; oh, no!
He's worked for me since quite a while."

"He worked for you, how can that be?"
"Oh, plain enough," a queenly toss
She gave her head; "he must," said she,
"We're married now, and I'm the boss!"
—W. M.

Race with no betting—A millrace.

A hot time—The scorcher's record.

Usually a long walk—A walk in life.

Anything but musical—A leather band.

Pie not to be found on a bill of fare—A magpie.

The lap of luxury—A cat enjoying her milk.

The poet should be well versed in his occupation.

What mark in punctuation does a love letter resemble?—A note of admiration.

Wanted to know—Whether it is probable that the "funny-bone" is supplied by the "vein of humor."

Human beings are not alone in cherishing a tender attachment. There is the railway engine, for instance.

The bicycle lamp isn't any good if you keep it indoors, but, on the other hand, it isn't any good if it goes out.

"Do you think you could eat another piece of pie, Tommy?"

"I think I could, auntie, if I stood up."

First Populist: Wouldn't you like to see the railroads carryin' us all free?

Second Populist: I dunno. I think the millionaires ought to be made to pay their fare.

"You are always running me down," complained the watch to the mainspring. "Well, then, keep your hand still," grumbled the spring.

"That is a very pretty servant maid they have next door to Tomlinson's."

"Yes; that's the one they always send over to borrow Tomlinson's lawn mower."

Mrs. Muggins: Why do you think your husband is in love with another woman?

Mrs. Buggins: He has stopped eating onions.

J.: What's the cause of all this twaddle about elevating the stage, I'd like to know?

F.: Want to get it above the level of women's hats, I suppose.

Slimson: Some one gave my boy a drum for a birthday present, but it turned out all right.

Twickenham: How so?

Slimson: I gave him a pocket knife.

"Whatever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket comb? He's as bald as a billiard ball."

"That's just it. I wanted to make him think I never noticed it."

"Matrimony," said the sweet girl boarder, "is a holy rite!"

"Why, then," asked Asbury Peppers, with the air of a man sure of his ground, "why, then, is it that so many who marry find they are wholly left?"

Fuddy: Saw Greggs just now. He's proud as Lucifer.

Duddy: Why, what's happened to him.

Fuddy: The doctor says his trouble is the gout, and you know he thought it was only rheumatism.

"What were you thinking about, Pat?"

"Faith, I was thinkin' what a blessin' it would be to us all if we cud have the cowld weather in the summer, when it is so hot, an' the hot weather in the winter, when it is so cowld!"

Scene—Rome. Time—A few weeks ago. Young lady wandering near the Colosseum. To her draws near group of Chicago girls. Says one of them to her: "Would you have the kindness to tell me"—pointing with her parasol to a famous arch—"whether that is the Arch of Titus? My guide book is two years old."

"Mrs. Duckly is very much afraid of germs."

"Yes?"

"Always boils the water, even that which she uses for washing her face and hands."

"Indeed!"

"But I noticed to-day when she paid her car-fare that she had been carrying her nickel in her mouth."

"Are you sure this wheelman was riding faster than the law allows?" asked the Judge.

"Absolutely certain," replied the policeman.

"But it is possible to be mistaken on such a point."

"Not in this case. He was going so fast that he kept ahead of the brewery wagon whose driver was trying to run him down."

A DIAMOND DRUMMER.

"THERE are hundreds of little-known occupations involving extraordinary risks and adventures," said a well-dressed, shrewd-looking young man, with whom the writer was conversing recently.

"I know it is the habit of many persons to sneer and say romance is dead, but that is utter rubbish. Few persons are aware of half the romantic and adventurous lives that are led by some people.

"Take my case, for instance. I look prosaic enough, in all conscience. Yet not one person in twenty ever read of a more risky occupation than the one I follow.

"I am a diamond envoy; a fellow who trots about for a large diamond syndicate from city to city in all parts of the world; mostly European cities, however. When I say that I think nothing of carrying $100,000 worth of diamonds about me, you will get an idea of the risks of robbery—aye, and murder—that I run year in and year out; and, I tell you frankly, I have had some close shaves from time to time.

"Of course, in the great majority of these trips I go and return with perfect ease and safety, because no one suspects what I have about me; though, needless to say, every precaution has to be taken just as if I expected an attack. But I have had some wonderfully narrow escapes.

"You know there are not many professional thieves who would hesitate to cut a man's throat for $100,000 worth of precious stones, and it is really remarkable how a certain class of educated thieves—especially French—get to know when stones are about to leave one city for another.

"There are many thieves who devote their entire time and labor to learning matters concerning large diamond firms, in the hope of getting a chance for a big haul some time or another. I would rather fetch diamonds from any city in the world than Paris, though the thieves there certainly have agents at Antwerp and London; and whenever I visit Paris I double my precautions.

"Here's one of my adventures on my way to that city: Some nine months ago I was instructed to take a large number of stones—diamonds and emeralds—to Paris with the utmost dispatch.

"The stones were worth over $200,000 altogether, so you can understand my risk and responsibility. Somehow or other I got hold of the idea that there was a plot on hand to rob me.

"I fancied the letter from the Paris firm to whom the stones were to be taken had been tampered with, and I told my principal as much; but he only laughed at me for my trouble. Nevertheless, I decided to take the greatest precaution.

"I left by the night boat from Dover, and reached Calais without any adventure (for which I was extremely grateful) and there took train for Paris.

About half way my fellow-passenger got out and left me all alone until another traveller got in just as the train was starting, and he took such an interest in me and my small hand-bag that he put me on my guard, and I determined to change carriages for my own safety's sake at the next stopping-place.

"Before we reached this, however, he had taken me off my guard, and was sitting beside me with a revolver at my head.

"'Monsieur, what have you in your bag?' he demanded.

"'You are inquisitive, monsieur,' I replied, keeping perfectly cool. 'But since you wish to know, look for yourself.'

"He seemed taken aback, but quickly seized my hand-bag and rummaged it. This gave me my chance. I drew my revolver suddenly, and had him all to myself, as it were.

"I never in all my life saw a fellow look so astonished. At the next station I gave him in charge for attempted robbery, but I never appeared against him. Why? Well, because he was after the stones.

"At his trial all his accomplices and confederates would have been present, and had I appeared they would have taken a careful view of me to help them in the future. No, I'm too sharp for that. How this fellow knew me I can't make out.

"I will tell you another story which will give you an idea of what close shaves I have run at times.

"I remember a fearfully near thing I had in New York, the only time I had occasion to visit that city. I had to deliver a packet of gems worth, as near as I can remember, $100,000, a large order from one of the biggest diamond merchants in America.

"I arrived too late to deliver the same day, which I always endeavor to do, and went for a short walk after dark, with the stones on me in a belt next to my skin, for I did not care to leave them in the hotel.

"Well, somehow I lost my way, and got into a bad neighborhood, where I was set upon by four hulking ruffians, who knocked me unconscious before I knew where I was.

"When I recovered I found myself just where they had struck me down, with an Irish policeman standing over me, half inclined to lock me up for being intoxicated.

"My watch and chain, for which my assailants might possibly have got $50, was gone, my pocket-book containing a bank note and two letters had also disappeared, but my gems had not been touched.

"I often think I should like to have an opportunity of telling those fellows of the fortune they overlooked. I fancy their faces would be worth studying."

AT THE CHEFS' CLUB.—Among the many clubs in the West End, there is one for chefs; but if anybody but the greatest artist in his profession were to seek election as a member, he would be unmercifully blackballed.

The club is very exclusive, and the members consist of the head cooks of rich merchants and millionaires. They draw magnificent salaries, but do very little work themselves, except superintending the cooks under them. They are the architects of a dinner, while the men under them are the builders.

Of course, they are experts, and a body of finer connoisseurs of a good dinner it would be difficult to find.

As a result of this, a curious state of affairs exists at their club. They used at one time to dine there, but it was found that no dinners could be cooked to satisfy their fastidious palates.

They could not obtain the services of a man who was an artist like unto themselves, for such a one would have considered it derogatory to be a mere cook at a club.

So they had to drop dinners, and satisfy their desire for refreshments with liquors and cakes, or coffee and tea.

But woe betide the club chef if he ever serve a cup of tea or coffee which has not been prepared on the best scientific principles.

INSULTS are like counterfeit money—we cannot hinder them being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.

No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
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Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gortor writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gortor has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used,

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD,
1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District

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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 7.30, (two hour train), 8.30, (two hour train), 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 5.55, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.05 night. Sundays—8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 5.55, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.05 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.00, 10.20, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.00, 8.24 (dining car), 11.58 p m. Sundays 4.00, 10.20 a m, 12.04, 4.10, 6.00, 8.24, 11.58 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00 (dining car), 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 (dining car), 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.25, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 7.30, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m daily and 4.30 p m Sunday, do not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Perkiomen R. R. points, week days, 7.45, 9.15 a m, 1.42, 4.15, 5.57 p m. Sundays—7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Phoenixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 8.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.06 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00, 10.25 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 6.06, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m, 7.45 p m. Accom. 7.00 a m.

For Gettysburg, week-days—8.35, 10.10 a m. Sunday—4.00 a m.

For Chambersburg, week-days, 8.35 a m, 7.05 p m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m 4.05, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sunday—Express 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 1.42 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, week-days, 10.10 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut St. and South St. Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 1.30 (Saturdays only), 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.00, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.40 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY, OCEAN CITY AND SEA ISLE CITY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Chestnut street, 9.15 a m., South street, 9.00 a m. Additional for Cape May, week-days 2.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3862 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.